TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1888. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 15.

Around Town.

Talking with an old acquaintance the other night about a mutual friend he shut off every criticism and pronounced the highest eulogy that a man can deserve by saying, "He is a square man and he sticks to his friends."

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While I am alive more than after I am dead I would like to deserve such praise. A square man! How few there are of them! The man "who sticks to his friends." How much this means! A "square man" does right from principle; he pays his debts and keeps his word, and observes the code which men esteem to be honor. You can rely on him; you can introduce him into your family; you can trust him. There he stands with a square front, resisting all the waves of calumny and the storms of popular opinion; never lies about you; never goes back on you; does not delight when people speak evil of you; does not smile or utter a feeble protest when your enemies sneer or scoff. Always square, no matter which side you approach him from, he stands squarely opposed to anything wrong or treacherous. He "sticks to his friends." When you want him you know where to find him. When you call the muster roll of those in whom you trust he always answers to his name. When you have a meeting of your friends, or your creditors, his voice always answers, "Present."

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This sort of man is not necessarily the dupe of his good-nature or the victim of those who prey on the confidence of friendship. He may be keen of intellect and refuse to lend you money when he does not believe it will do you any good. He may be astute enough to oppose your schemes and candid enough once in a while to tell you of your faults; but when you really and truly need a friend he is there waiting to help you, ready to fight for you, anxious to see you through and does not need to be labored with when a sacrifice has to be made.

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How many friends of this sort have you? Where did you find them? In the lodge-room? Are they old school-mates? Are they men you have favored? Are they the companions whose fortune you have helped to make? I should guess that probably the best friend you have is some rugged old fellow who is neither popular or extremely rich. "Haven't got any," do you say? Ah, there's the rub. Whose fault is it? Do you know a good friend when you meet him? Does his refusal to be your victim offend you? Does his occasional candor wound you? Does his lack of beauty make you ashamed? Some men are not worthy of friends. Is it the fault of humanity or your own weaknesses and vanity that leaves you to stand alone?

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Heaven is indeed kind to you if you have a friend—a "square man, who never goes back on his friends;" and heaven was still kinder to you and blessed the world when it made you worthy of having such a friend. If you haven't a friend in whom you trust, try and act in such a way as to be worthy of it, and in some loyal heart you will inspire the friendship for which you seek.

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The sharp and short debate in the House of Commons on Tuesday over Mr. Mills' amendment favoring the submission to Parliament of a measure embracing such provisions as will remove all legal impediments to the efficient working of the Canada Temperance Act, did not result in any good to the cause of temperance or add any glory to the dismal record of its mover. The motion was sprung unexpectedly, and evidently before Mr. Mills had taken pains to consult his party. It was a stupid blunder. The honorable David, thinking that Sir John should not be permitted to retain the influence he is supposed to have acquired by his recent conversion decided to spring a "moral question," which would put the premier in a false light and injure him with the temperance faction. By moving an amendment to the resolution to go into committee of supply he was able to spring the matter on the government and dig a pit for the feet of Sir John. But the people as well as the House of Parliament understand such schemes and have but little respect for such schemers. It was purely a political dodge and its motive being so apparent it was entirely without effect. Even the Temperance Alliance, which is managed with about as little judgment as the Grit party, condemns Mr. Mills' bumptiousness, and the effect of the whole matter is to injure the cause of temperance legislation and make a laughing-stock of the pin-headed politicians who tried to use it for party advantage.

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The daily papers inform us that a temperance party has been or is to be formed. If I mistake not such a party has been formed several times, and the parties concerned in this latest formation are not novices in the organizing of "third parties."

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The history of temperance agitators in politics is the record of a few selfish and not overscrupulous men trying to attain notoriety on a "moral issue." Men have been elected to Parliament because they were strong prohibitionists, but almost invariably their zeal has melted away before the temptation of official preferment, and so often have they been tried and found wanting when their personal interests lay in another direction, that the public have no longer any confidence in temperance reformers who endeavor to use their hobby for political or financial profit. Professor Foster had one hand on the neck of the demon of rum and the other shoved down the monster's throat until he got into Parliament when he gracefully released one hand; then into the Cabinet, after which he permitted Mr. Demon's neck to go unclutched, and he is now quite willing to be seen arm in arm with that gentleman whenever the political exigencies of his party make it necessary. He is but a sample of scores of others who are as fierce on the temperance issues as a Bengal tiger, while hunting for office, but after they get it, sit and purr as softly as a tabby in the lap of rum and rub their silky backs against the feet of "wickedness in high places." Those who are organizing the present movement have a larger scheme than the obtaining of a seat in Parliament for one particular pet. They intend to have a party and a leader of their own, and who will be the party and who the leader, it does not take the people long to guess. It is the same old crowd with the same old cries, shouting for the home and the fireside and laying pipe for the same old boss. It is not strange that those who have been living on the agitation should want to keep it up.

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Mr. Meredith has again had the misfortune of being placed in an exceedingly dubious position with regard to provincial rights. The Ontario Government by shrewd management have always been able to pose as the champions of local rights as against Federal aggrandizement, while Mr. Meredith, through supporting Sir John, has been open to the charge of disregarding the interests of the province. In discussing the resolutions of the inter-provincial conference the Mowat Government shrewdly enough forced the Opposition to accept the resolutions holus bolus to or reject them one and all. The Opposition desired to discuss the resolutions seriatim and many members expressed their willingness to accept a number of the clauses. The Ministry was too astute for this, and not only did they obtain endorsement for the whole work of the conference by a large majority, but Mr. Meredith was left in such a shape that at the next general election the Government will be able to accuse him of still being the instrument of Federal tyranny and the enemy of his province. That the cry will be a misleading one and an attempt to humbug the people makes very little difference. Of such is the kingdom of politics! Mr. Meredith has before now proven that he is willing to do the same thing, and cannot expect any large amount of sympathy.

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There has been very little heated debate in the Legislature, and, as an Ottawa correspondent points out in another column, the doctrine of sweetness and light seems to prevail at Ottawa to an extent hitherto unknown. Sir Charles Tupper, after hobnobbing with plenipotentiaries extraordinary, etc., has become very much more diplomatic in his conduct, and is without doubt trying to present as few rough and friction-exciting corners as possible. Sir Charles is evidently preparing the way for his succession to the throne. At one time he was the hard-hitter and merciless political pugilist of the Tory party, but now he is the most gracious and courteous of all the Knights of Sir John's Round Table. Are we soon to see the dawn of a less acrimonious style of public discussion? Jeering and sneering, name-calling and mud-throwing have long enough characterized the discussion of public affairs and the comparisons between public men. Everyone will welcome the light of a better day.

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Miss Emma Lang, a sixteen year old Chicago girl, committed suicide a week ago by the Rough on Rats route. The press dispatch tells us she was large of her age, comely, and devoted part of her earnings in a candy factory to the support of her parents. For some cause her mother whipped her the night before she took the rat poison. She preferred death to the degradation of having been punished. She must have had a queer mother. A woman who has no better idea of how to correct a sixteen year old girl than by using a gad, ought never to have had any children. Parents often make a great mistake in degrading their half-grown sons and daughters by public rebuke or unseemly chastisement. A father who cannot control his boys after they are ten or twelve years old without mauling them with a club; women with so little tact or sense that they cannot exact obedience from their daughters without corporal punishment—had much better give up the task than brutalize their children by treatment which the law provides in no instance for adults, except when the crime indicates entire absence of decency and moral susceptibility. Parents should recognize that the laws have banished the cane, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the rope's end, not out of any squeamishness or in defiance of Solomon's admonition, but because it has been clearly demonstrated that corporal punishment is brutalizing to those of anything like mature years.

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The child who has not been taught obedience in the first three years of its life will take the lesson hard. Between three and six it will be still harder to whip a child without filling its heart with puny and impotent hate. After this every stripe that is laid on the child will be remembered, every slap, every shake will determine the quantity and the quality of its love for you; every bruise on its flesh will be a bruise on its heart, and the cause of punishment must be grave indeed if the child can be made to feel that it is just. Between nine and twelve years of age, boys and girls of ordinary refinement, and with anything like sensitive natures, can be punished in a way to destroy their self-respect, or to increase it, and those who chastise should take care that they are not hardening instead of improving those who are undergoing correction.

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At the close of my column comes the news of the death of Kaiser William. The speculations as to the influence this will have on European politics cannot but be interesting. The first question will be whether the Crown Prince or his son will be made Emperor. The idea first suggests itself that as the Crown Prince has always been beloved by the people they would be glad to do him honor even if his life should last but a few days. On the other hand they dislike his wife, whose great ambition has been to be Empress, and, in order to save the health of the sufferer at San Remo and defeat the ambition of his wife, they may at once crown the young fellow, whose belligerent disposition may at any time lead to serious complications. Of course while Bismarck lives he will continue to be the real Emperor of Germany, and no immediate trouble need be feared.

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Last Sunday Canon Dumoulin, if the reports in the daily papers are correct, severely rebuked his congregation for not having given more liberally to the mission fund. I heard him preach a missionary sermon once, and I don't wonder (if his last appeal was anything like his Epiphany-tide effort) that his parishioners failed to respond. Without doubt he is the most cultured and polished preacher in the city, and his ability would be of great value in civilizing the South Sea Islanders. If his heart is entirely in his work it might be a good idea for him to spend a year among those for whose future he is so solicitous. An example of self-sacrifice would be a powerful lever to move the stony hearts of those who yielded only $250 into the cathedral plates.

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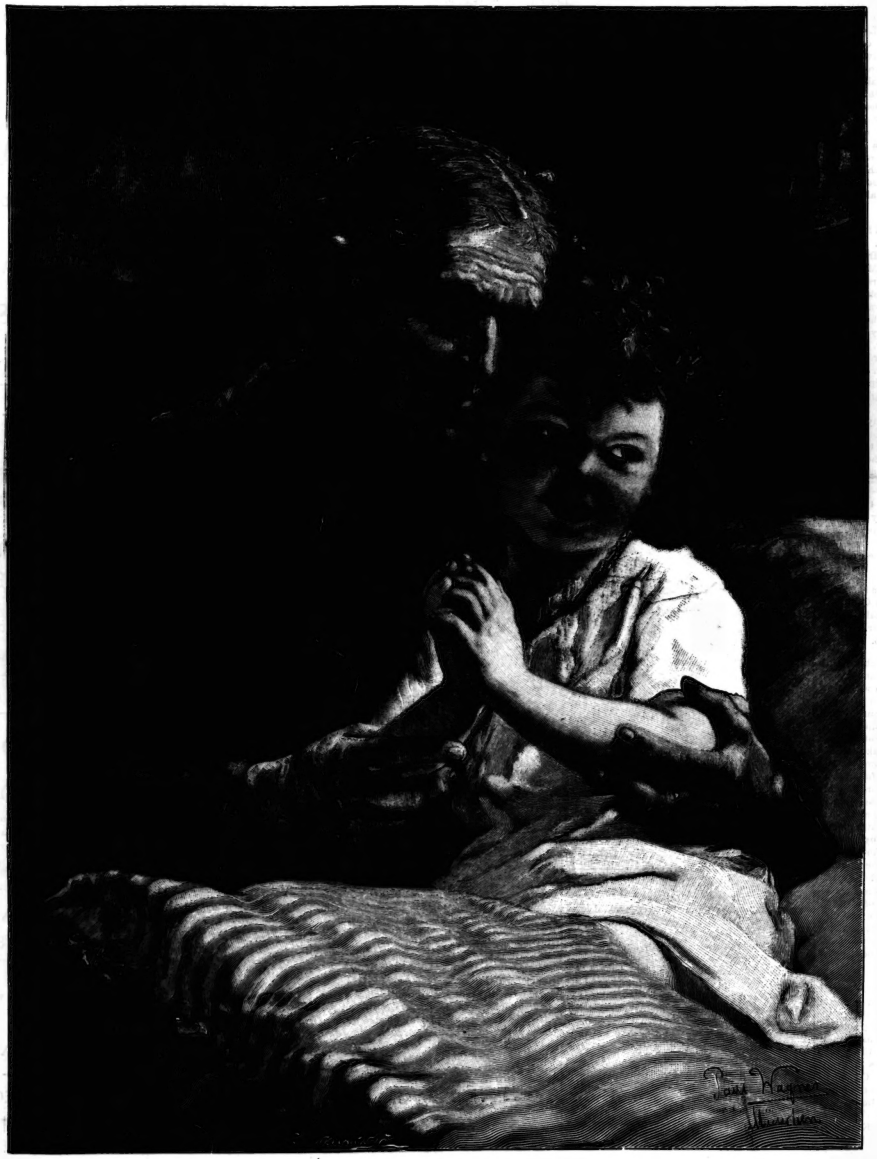

"NOW SAY YOUR LITTLE PRAYER."

What had been originally intended for a small tea party, to meet only a few people, developed, at Chestnut Park, on Tuesday, into a large At Home. Nearly a hundred and fifty people, from whose numbers very few of the elite were absent, took advantage of Lady Macpherson's written and verbal invitations, and disregarded the coldness of the day and the length of their drive or walk, since their hostess' hospitable reputation, and the well-known beauty of her house, warranted them pleasure when they arrived there. Chestnut Park was looking its best; what can one say more? The dim, almost sombre, light of the library and billiard-room tempted people who love an opportunity for a quiet talk, as at Lady Macpherson's ball tne other day. The conservatories looked as well as they always do, showing a perfect blaze of color through the glass folding doors of the picture gallery. In the latter charming room Lady Macpherson received her guests. At long tables in the dining-room were served not only tea and coffee, but champagne and claret cup, ice-cream, etc. In the drawing-room a band of harpers performed that delightful programme of operatic and dance music, of which nobody, of course, ever tires. Miss Robinson's song was received, as a song from her always is, with immense pleasure.

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I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Vernon and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Major and Mrs. Dawson, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Spragg, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Miss Robinson, Mr. Beverly Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton and the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Hodgins and Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Langmuir and Mr. Langmuir, Mr. Dickson Paterson, the Messrs. Small, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Miss Spratt and Mr. Spratt, the Misses Maud and Annie Vankoughnet, the Misses Todd, Miss May Jones, Miss Ross, Mr. Gordon Jones, Messrs. Fox, B. Cronyn, Jones, Dyce Saunders, C. Dickson, R. Thomas, Captains Sears, Geddes and Macdougall, the Misses Evans, Colonel and Mrs. Sweney, the Messrs. Moffatt, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merritt.

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In the hands of such adepts in the art of entertaining as Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Bankes, it is small wonder that people enjoyed themselves, and that the hour for departing to their various dinners came all too soon.

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Miss Watson has recently formed a literature class attended by Misses Marjorie Campbell, Gertrude Milligan, Minnie Macdonald, Trixie Hoskins, B. Hawke, Misses Osler, Maude Beatty, Misses A. and J. Gooderham.

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The last meet of the Toronto sleighing club has been held, their short but brilliant season is over; the familiar road to Weston will know them no more, the Saturday dinners of members will no longer consist of cold turkey and cold ham. It was perhaps a certain sadness that these and other pleasures were at an end, that seemed last Saturday to make spirits droop a little, and which took some of the usual vigor from the dancing which follows the dinner. Nothing could have been more delightful than the drive homewards. The sleighing as good as could be, a perfect night, clear and still, the bitter north west wind having gone down. With heavy hearts must many a couple have said good-night. The music of the bells, the swift, smooth, delicious motion, the country white and sparkling under moon and stars, the dark pines standing like honest sentinels at the roadside, the pleasant feeling of defying the cold and conquering it with furs and hot bricks, above all the delight of sharing these pleasures alone with the fairest of companions, all must be bidden farewell to, not to be enjoyed again for many months.

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Well done, untiring and cheery secretary! you and your fellow committeemen, but you chiefly, have organized and by unflagging pains have carried through a series of pleasures which have made each Saturday for more than two months the red-letter day of the week. The closing meet of the season was in every way worthy of that which it closed. Conspicuous among many smart turnouts at the guns were the tandems of Messrs. Beardmore and Hamilton Merritt. Southwards from the park to Queen street, down Bay street to King, and then westwards upwards of five and twenty sleighs, led by the fine pair of the president, Mr. J. K. Kerr, made a goodly procession. Thoughts of a funeral occurred to some onlookers, but what a fast and festive funeral! No accidents either going or returning marred people's, pleasure or frightened the ladies. Thanks I believe to a hint of mine in this paper a week ago, dinner included viands other than turkey and ham. The floor of the dancing room at Weston was as good as ever. The harpers played well as ever, and the new and highly original dance called I wonder why, Dan Tucker, was worthy of so novel a title.

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Friday of last week was undoubtedly the fashionable night of Miss Rosina Vokes' engagement. On Thursday all the world was at the Grange and on Saturday the drive of the Sleighing club, and the apparently invincible repugnance to pre-Sabbatical play-going, to which I have before alluded, kept people away. On Friday also was produced for the first time a "petite drama" by Mr. Charles Young, who is known to many people here, who have enjoyed his comic songs even more than his play. The author, with Lady Young and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend, occupied a stage box; next them, the Government House box contained its rightful occupants—Miss Marjorie Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon. Opposite were Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Miss Hodgins and Mr. Harvey Gamble, while the seats in the parquette contained so many well-known faces that it was impossible to see or to remember them all, and it would be invidious to select a few for special mention.

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After the performance on Wednesday, a supper given by Mr. and Mrs. Baines, to celebrate the new piece and to *fete* its author and interpreters, was attended amongst others by Sir Charles and Lady Young, Mr. and Mrs. Clay, Miss Johnson and Mr. Courtenay Thorpe.

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Mr. John Hoskin gave another dinner last evening, at which the following gentlemen were present: Rev. H. Grasett Baldwin, Mr. A. R. Boswell, Mr. J. F. Smith, Q. C., Mr. Wm. Laidlaw, Q. C., Mr. W. A. Reeve, Q.C., Mr. H. J. Scott, Q.C., Mr. J. C. Hamilton, Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, Mr. George H. Watson, Mr. John Winchester, Mr. Frank Arnoldi, Mr. T. D. Delamere, Mr. R. E. Kingsford, Mr. Marcellus Crombie, Mr. John Downey, Mr. J. A. Patterson, Mr. Wm. Davidson, Mr. Lockhart Gordon, Mr. George F. Shepley, Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, Judge Morgan, Mr. T. P. Galt, Mr. G. W. McWilliams, Mr. A. Rutherford, Mr. J. O. Buchanan, Mr. E. T. English, Mr. W. B. Raymond, Mr. Wm. Creelman, Mr. W. M. Douglas, Mr. Wm. Morris, Mr. G. F. Burton, Mr. Douglas Armour, Mr. Oliver Macklem, Mr. H. P. Drayton.

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Colonel and Mrs. Otter's example has been followed by Miss Hodgins, who, on Thursday last, organized a walking party. Some thirty ladies and gentlemen assembled at Government House at five o'clock, and thence proceeded on foot to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgin's on Bloor street. Recollection of former ridicule induced the party not to promenade two and two in one long procession; by different streets and various routes the park was reached. Here couples who had lost sight of each other at the start, were enabled to sight one another again, and it became a matter of interest as to who should first reach the goal on Bloor street. Some regarded this goal as a winning-post, and I am told of a most exciting race between two pairs of walkers. At her pleasant old-fashioned house Mrs. Hodgins bade the pedestrians welcome, and rewarded their efforts with the cup that cheers, and the ice-cream that refreshes. More than one cavalier thought a liqueur the only proper restorer after the fatigue of walking more than one mile.

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Many other people reached Bloor street by more ordinary methods, and shared the hospitality of the kindest of hostesses with those who had walked. Poor coachmen and poor horses! The walking mania seems to be really spreading, and your days are apparently numbered!

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Among the most eminently successful of Lenten At Homes was that given on Thursday by Mrs. W. H. Merritt on Simcoe street. Sir William Howland's fine old house looked its best, and though the number of guests was not very large, it was a company of the best. For the second time this winter people left Simcoe street feeling that Mrs. Merritt was no less an adept at the art of entertaining that in the days when she received her guests as Miss Florence Howland. Nobody who attended a very successful evening party given under her auspices in honor of the eminent art critic, Mr. Henry Blackburn, will have forgotten it, and yet it was as long ago as November last.

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Miss Beatrix Hoskins has returned home from Montreal where she has been visiting relatives and friends for some weeks.

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Readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will be more than glad to hear that society's old time favorite, Mrs. George Tate Blackstock, has returned from Florida where she went for her health some six weeks ago. She is much improved and benefited by her trip south.

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Miss Constance Stanton of Cobourg, who has been spending the winter in Toronto, has left for a short visit to the Ambitious City, previous to returning to her home.

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From Washington I hear that the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was the center of attraction at every reception, ball and dinner party he attended. He was the social lion of the season, and no fashionable entertainment was considered complete without him. The latest rumor is to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain has become engaged to the daughter of a cabinet officer, and this is creating no end of talk in society. As Mr. Chamberlain is said to have an income of £30,000 a year, with the prospect of being a Cabinet Minister, with a courtly house in Birmingham, and a town house in Prince's Garden, London, the young lady of his choice is naturally the object of considerable attention—and envy.

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The craze for novelty has invaded the ranks of the pretty bridesmaids, and brides are no longer to be allowed to engross all the new ideas. Of course, it is no easy matter to meet these constant demands for novelties, and some of those produced are far from being pretty. But I heard of a new notion the other day which we shall, no doubt, see at forthcoming spring marriages. It is a floral boa, which looks best made in roses, but which can of course, be carried out in any flower the bride may most fancy.

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It is no longer the fashion at dinner parties to encumber the space before each guest with a number of glasses, one half of which are probably not used, while fine wines are frequently wasted by filling glasses never emptied. It is now usual to keep the glasses on the sideboard from which dinner is served, and all the glasses should be different. Enamelled glass is the right thing for sherry or madeira, crystal spotted with gold for claret, and pink opaque glass for champagne. At wedding breakfasts, however, only clear crystal should be used, just as the porcelain service should always be undecorated patternless white.

The above sketch represents a lovely Parisian toilette recently made for Madame Patti, and worn in the first act of La Traviata. The bodice and train are of cream satin duchesse, the front of the skirt being covered entirely with a tablier of tulle, embroidered with white silk and seed pearls. Exquisite clusters of white camellias are arranged to form a long garland from waist to hem on the left side of the skirt, while the same flowers are placed at intervals along the edge of the train. The bodice is draped with embroidered tulle, and ornamented with a camellia to correspond.

The Knights of Pythias.

"A festal throng had met at night,
And joy beamed in the face of all."

So sings the poet, and any one who saw the scene at Victoria hall on Wednesday night would have agreed that the couplet was true in every sense. Here had gathered about two hundred ladies and gentlemen to celebrate by a conversazione and ball, the twenty-fourth anniversary of the organization of the Knights of Pythias benevolent society, and right well was the celebration carried out. In the early part of the evening a programme of vocal and instrumental music was given under the direction of Prof. Bohner. The floor was afterwards cleared and the company thoroughly enjoyed themselves in dancing to most excellent music, provided by Napolitano's orchestra. The dresses of many of the ladies were elegant, while the showy uniform of the members of the uniformed rank lent additional brilliancy to the scene. Among those present were His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Dr. King, Colonel and Grand Chancellor for Ontario, Capt. and Mrs. George H. Mitchell, Mr. John Morison, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Abbott, Major and Mrs. Unitt, Mr. A. A. and Miss Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley R. Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. McConkey, Dr. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Patterson, Mr. A. R. Riches, Mr. H. R. Tilley, Miss Beckett, Mr. F. Diver, Mr. R. Duthie, Miss MacAlpine, Mr. T. A. E. World, Miss F. World, Mr. D. C. World, Miss McNair, Miss Madden, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. J. Gunning, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Morphy, Mr. R. W. Boyle, Miss McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Albert, Miss Morris, Mr. C. H. Fuller, Miss Horswell, Mr. T. Soole, Miss McGolpin, Mr. L. W. Hawkworth, Miss Morphy, Mr. W. J. Wallace, Miss Wallace, Mr. A. L. Sayles, Mr. Wm. Shannessey, Miss Redmond, Mrs. S. H. Smith, Miss S. Smith of Mount Forest, Mr. F. Roberts, Miss Roberts, Mr. E. T. Deane, Miss Deane, Miss Wylie.

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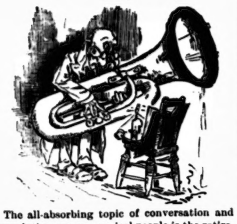
Music.



The all-absorbing topic of conversation and speculation among musical people is the retirement of Mr. Edward Fisher from the conductorship of the Toronto Choral society, at the close of this season, which was announced last week. The reason indicated is that the pressure of work devolving upon Mr. Fisher at the Conservatory is so great that he is unable to give proper attention to the needs of the Choral society. The indicated reason is quite probably the true one, as any close observer at the late concert of the society must have seen and felt that the Eli had not thoroughly permeated the conductor's head and heart. The performance was too uneven and fitful to suggest a perfect mastery of the oratorio on its conductor's part. That Mr. Fisher's retirement should be announced so soon after a cold reception of his work is unfortunate, as those who are unfriendly to him might suggest that his action is the outcome of a natural petulance. But those who know Mr. Fisher well, know that he has too well-balanced a mind and too much cool, business-like common sense to give way to flights of temper in so important a matter. The act of leaving an organization to whose loyal and faithful work and adherence to him he owes so much—one might almost say, to which he owes his present prominence in our little musical world—is one that Mr. Fisher has surely weighed thoroughly in all its bearings, and his friends may feel quite assured that he did not take such a step until he felt it was due to himself that he should do so.

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The effect of his action on the future of the Choral society is the most important question that centers around his retirement. We have all heard the importance of individuals to their neighbors illustrated by the homely experiment of withdrawing one's finger from a bucketful of water and watching how much the water missed the finger, but when a musical society which was organized mainly to assist its leader into prominence loses that leader the effect is somewhat greater. Not necessarily on account of his musical capabilities, which might possibly be replaced, but rather on account of the paralytical effect such a loss has upon its cohesive power and upon the formulation of its future policy. The defection of a musical conductor carries with it to a large extent a similar action on the part of his friends and also on the part of those who were not particularly interested in anyone or anything about the society, but who had drifted into it, so to speak. The loss to the Choral from these sources will be considerable, as in its earlier and mayhap darker years that society was held together by the strong claims to respect and regard that Mr. Fisher had exercised upon his surroundings.

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The Choral society has done good work, both intrinsically and in keeping its elder sister up to the mark. Its performances of the Creation, the Messiah, and the Israel in Egypt, will be remembered with pleasure by its friends, but I think that its best field lay, and yet lies, in that territory which is so fruitful in the lesser cantatas and miscellaneous selections. The Philistines in music are yet many, who tire of a whole evening of oratorio and who would gladly hail the relief of a shorter work, well rendered, and of bright choruses, judiciously selected from oratorios, cantatas, or operas. I also have a shrewd suspicion that on some occasions the Philistines have not this desire for relief all to themselves by any means. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that many choral extracts of undoubted beauty and excellence can be performed by a society when the works in their entirety, from which the excerpts are chosen, would prove a severe tax on conductor, society, or audience, or on all three. Variety, contrast, liveliness, in fact all that goes to make a concert enjoyable, would thus be presented to an admiring audience. The efforts and study of the society would be crystallized and concentrated upon a smaller range of work and undoubted excellence in all numbers would be easier of achievement.

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It is in this field that I see the future of the Choral society, a future in which, if proper care is exercised in the selection of a conductor, it may be one of the most powerful factors in musical progress and enjoyment in the province. The choice of the new conductor is the keystone of its future arch. Already several gentlemen are mentioned in that connection, none of whom, however, would be the man for Galway, to use a sporting phrase. To succeed in such a position a man must have undoubted orchestral experience, must have experience in governing choral forces, must have tact with his chorus and with the world, must understand the voice, must himself be a musician in the broadest sense of the term, not a mere music teacher, nor a mere performer on one instrument, nor a mere voice-trainer. Such a man is not altogether ideal, as some may suppose, but such a man would undoubtedly be a man of better parts than most of our musical acquaintances are, and nothing less than such a man could succeed in holding the Choral society together. That it may be held together and that it may flourish for many years to come is a wish that every music-lover in Toronto will, I am sure, join me in expressing.

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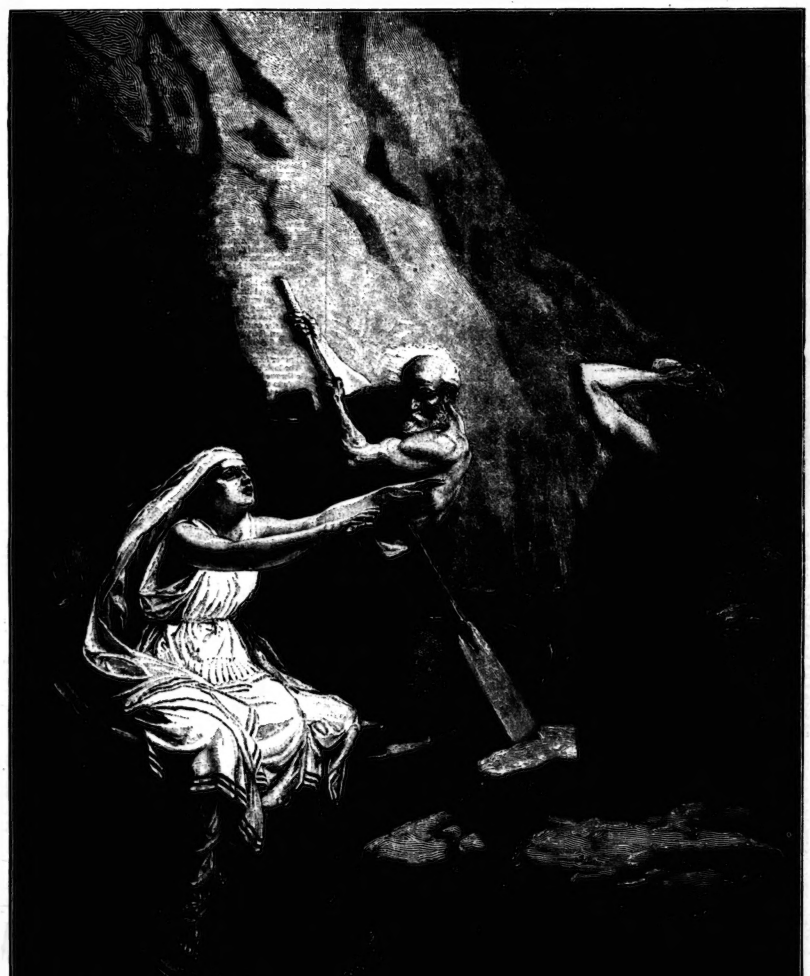

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

For Letterpress see page 6.

So much talk about Mr. Edward Fisher naturally enough brings the Conservatory to one's mind. I have received the following letter for which I willingly make room, as besides its pertinence it has the virtue of brevity:

"DEAR METRONOME—

"In your notes of March 3rd I was much pleased to see your remarks concerning the acquisition of degrees in music by students under private masters. As an English degree-holder of many years' standing, I can assure students that scholarly musicianship never harms one, but that the lack of it frequently hampers a man through life. It appears to me that one question has been overlooked by you, namely, how many teachers in the Conservatory, the body that is to prepare students for degrees at the Toronto university, are themselves the bearers of such distinctions? I fancy that in other faculties, such as law, arts, medicine, or theology, the instructors are men who have, on their part achieved the titles they are aiding others to acquire. Wishing your bright paper and your entertaining column every success, I am, etc., "MUS. DOC."

The point is well taken, and the answer is that there are two teachers in the Conservatory who have musical degrees, Mr. Arthur E. Fisher and Miss Emma Mellish, both of whom are Mus. Bac. of Trinity college. The irony of fate would be curiously illustrated if the graduates in music of Toronto university should receive their musical apostolic succession from Trinity people.

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In the meantime Father Torrington has not been idle. In addition to his work with the Toronto Philharmonic society, the Hamilton Philharmonic society, and his orchestra, he has been working away at his College of Music, and at the College of Organists. As to the former, I hear that he has bought Nos. 12 and 14 Pembroke street, where enlargements will soon be begun, and has ordered a large three-manual organ for students' use. As to the latter, he has secured the co-operation of the principal organists in the province and is arranging for the establishment of the Organists' college at the time of the next meeting of the Canadian Society of Musicians, when most of the prominent organists will be here. This body will do great good, and all may hope that the time is not far distant when to be a member of the College of Organists will be a guarantee of excellence.

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The larger musical organizations are gradually getting things into shape for their second concerts. Mr. Torrington's orchestra plays on April 5, with the assistance of Mrs. Agnes Thomson and Mr. E. W. Schuch, with probably other vocalists. The orchestral numbers will be the Larghetto from Beethoven's Second Symphony, the Festmarsch from Tannhauser, the King of Diamonds overture by Lavallee, a Canadian by the way, and an exquisite little bit for strings alone by Massenet, entitled the Last Sleep of the Virgin. The Philharmonic society follows a few weeks later with the Golden Legend and a splendid quartette of soloists—Mme. Fursch-Madi, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. William Ludwig. The Choral society is at work on a miscellaneous programme, comprising the choicest choruses it has sung, which may be expected in May, about which time the Vocal society will also be ready with an unusually bright programme. These events, with the promised opera by the Harmony club, will make the post-Paschal season a lively one musically.

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On Friday last the Citizen's band gave an excellent concert in Association Hall, which, I regret to say, was not well attended. Mr. Bayley has kept this band together in a state of efficiency, in the face of obstacles and difficulties which would have conquered a man with less persistence, and our people should give better direct support to these men. Other cities are justly proud of their bands and support them liberally. Toronto does not seem to care a brass button about encouragement or support, but is quick enough to decry its own bands. Just here a little more public spirit would be a good thing.

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I hope it is not true that the committee of the Harmony Club have chose Fantone for the opera to be played by them this spring. If true, it is, I venture to predict for them, failure absolute and complete. The libretto of Fantone is even poorer than the average translation from the French. In the original there may have been wit and interest, but it was of a kind too strong for the English palate; in the adaptation there is hardly one good line. The music has not proved sufficiently taking to admit of the opera succeeding either in England or America even when played by the best of professionals. How true it is that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." For amateurs all translations are a mistake. Let the Harmony club confine themselves to English opera, and at any rate they do not court failure. They have to remember. Patience succeeded, but the Chimes of Normandy—well, was not quite so great a success.

METRONOME.

Art and Artists.

The project of founding in Toronto a permanent collection of pictures, sculpture and other objects of art, is worthy of every support. Unquestionably, if Canada is to possess any sort of national gallery, its right location is here. If the value of such an establishment were recognized as it is recognized in Germany and Italy, for instance, not only would our Provincial Legislature vote a grant for its foundation, but every man and woman, who had money to spare, would give what they could afford in the interests of the education of their children and all their descendants in future generations. Those specially interested who are moving in the matter, are sparing no pains to set their scheme afoot, and their art fair in May promises to be of an interest without precedent in Canada. An idea has been mooted this week, which, if it is carried into effect, should bring in the shekels and be the cause of considerable enjoyment to its promoters. Certain ladies and gentleman of considerable dramatic talent propose to prepare two or more plays, and to make a tour of the principal towns of Ontario, giving their performance one or more nights in each place, the receipts to be devoted to the same object as the art fair. As the establishment of a National Gallery should be a matter of as great interest to other towns as it is to Toronto, so unusual a treat as a company chosen from those of our best society people who are dramatically capable, should draw tremendously in such places as Hamilton, London and Brantford. If the project is matured, there would be no difficulty in forming a committee of leading men in the towns to be visited, who would make all arrangements and ensure good patronage of the affair. Under the management of Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. Rutherford, etc., the scheme is in competent hands. Already meetings have been held and plans have been discussed. It will be important to find one that does not need much scenery, and a thoroughly good stage manager, a professional if possible, will of course be a *sine qua non*.

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At present the artists are working quietly preparing for their spring exhibition, which will be held in May at the same time as the art fair.

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The Ontario Society of Artists have given up their rooms at 14 King street west, but have not yet located themselves elsewhere. It is understood that for a time they do not intend having permanent exhibition rooms as formerly, but will make their headquarters merely a place for the transaction of business. The rooms they have left are now used as a studio by Mr. J. M. Martin.

A Brave Girl.

This is a pretty good likeness of Miss Mabel Andrews, who was recently presented with the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal for her bravery in rescuing two children from drowning in Georgian Bay last June. It is unnecessary to relate the story here as it appeared in the papers at the time. Miss Andrews is a delicate looking girl, sixteen years old. Despite her delicate appearance there is a quiet determination expressed in the lines of her countenance which shows that she has "the soul to dare" when danger calls. She was born at Winchlon Hall, Hempstead, Essex, Eng., and has been in Canada about six years.

Items of Interest.

Lord Palmerston, while electioneering at Taunton was greatly troubled by a butcher who wanted him to support a certain Radical policy. At the end of one of his lordship's speeches the butcher called out: "Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?" After a slight pause, Lord Palmerston replied: "I will." The butcher then asked: "Will you, or will you not, support this measure—a Radical bill?" Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "I will—" Then he stopped. Immediately the Radicals cheered tremendously; "not," continued his lordship. Loud Conservative cheers. When these ceased, Lord Palmerston finished his sentence; "tell you." He then immediately retired.

Lord D——, a noted athlete, once took a journey from London on purpose to fight a Scotch farmer famed as an wrestler, whom he found working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and then addressed the farmer, "Friend, I have heard marvelous reports of your skill, and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman, pitched him over his head, and then went on with his work. The nobleman slowly picked himself up. "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship; "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse!"

The "elephant-faced man" bids fair to be the latest society sensation in London. The number of the *British Medical Journal* containing his portrait has long since been sold out, and the article is now republished in pamphlet form. Sufficient funds have been raised for his decent maintenance, and, although his appearance is far too terrible to permit of his presence at Jamrachian entertainments, he has intelligently contrived to turn the situation to the best possible advantage.

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

A MAN'S JEALOUSY.

BY WALDEMAR.

CHAPTER I.

The evening shadows were deepening in the beautiful Genesee valley, and the edge of twilight was just touching the earth.

Mounted on a handsome bay, whose free, easy stride seemed to show the pleasure he felt in bearing his fair young mistress, Ella Madison, galloped fearlessly along, her face flushed with the exercise in the open air and pleasure reflected in her sunny laughing eyes.

Up to the door of her home she swept in a graceful canter, and scarcely had the horse stopped, when she sprang to the ground unaided.

"Mercy! Is it so late as that?" she exclaimed, glancing at her watch as she ran up the steps. "I suppose dinner is already served."

"Yes, Miss Ella, said the servant, "and Mr. Windom is here, too.

"Oh, dear; worse yet. For now I shall have to dress for dinner."

But a happier light came into her eyes, as she rushed up the broad, old-fashioned stairway. Perhaps she didn't feel so badly after all.

The Hon. Caryl Windom had been a very frequent visitor at the mansion of late. He was a young man of wealth and culture, who had gone into politics, believing that it offered a proper field for the ambition of one in his circumstances. He was regarded as the young man of the county, and looked upon by match-making mothers and angling daughters as the great catch of the region.

Some of them wondered what such a man could see in that ramping hoyden, Ella Madison.

But the "ramping hoyden" was a vision of youthful loveliness nevertheless, as she entered the parlor just as the gentlemen came in from the dining-room. For they are somewhat English in their ways in the valley of the Genesee, and the gentlemen had lingered over their wine just long enough for conventionality, but not long enough to show that they were not born to the American manner.

"I'm awful sorry I was late for dinner," said Ella, giving her hand to Windom. "But to tell you the truth, you were the cause of it."

"I! How?"

"Well, if it had not been for you I should have gone in just as I came from my ride."

She raised her laughing, bewitching eyes to his face, and he wondered how she could look other than beautiful, no matter what she wore.

"But, why do you make such a stranger of me?" he asked reproachfully.

"O, you're so terribly fastidious. Why, I believe you would have fainted, or, worse than that, lost your appetite, if I had come in in my habit. Besides, I was all covered with mud, for Marco failed to leap all the mud holes I put him at."

Windom looked a little shocked. He couldn't help it. He couldn't quite approve the audacity of the girl, but she charmed him, nevertheless.

"O, come, Mr. Windom, please don't look so shocked. And please forgive my tardiness. Won't you?"

How could he refuse when those eyes were looking up at him.

"What do you say to some music?" she asked, suddenly changing the subject.

For reply, he went silently to the piano and opened it.

Mr. Madison was not so deeply buried in his paper that he could not see the tete-a-tete at the other end of the room. And he was pleased to see it, too.

"You want something cheerful, I'm sure, you look so downcast," said Ella, as she seated herself, and ran her fingers over the keys. "Listen to this.' And she sang a pretty French song.

This was followed by German and English ballads, in some of which Windom sung a fair second, and, finally, by one of Chopin's exquisite nocturnes.

For an hour or more they amused themselves in this way, and then Ella leaned her head upon her hand and looked at her admirer—for admirer he plainly was, as his every look and attitude showed.

"Where did you ride to-day?" he asked.

"Where? Oh, I rode down as far as the Mertons."

"Did you see anyone there?"

"O, yes; I saw Mr. Lawrence in the tennis court."

"I thought as much," and the speaker's face clouded.

"How very kind of you to think of me at all. Did you really picture me having an interview with the gentleman?"

"It is easy to picture an occurrence I have so often seen.

"O, come, now, you men are so uncharitable. You have got something against Mr. Lawrence, I know. What is it?"

"I know just so much about him that no sister of mine should ever speak to him."

"I must congratulate myself then on not being your sister."

"You value so highly then the privilege of talking with the man?"

"What does it matter to you to whom I talk?" in a low tone.

His face cleared. It was a question that any man would be glad to answer.

"I beg your pardon," he said slowly. "I fear I have taken too great a liberty."

She laughed at him.

"I am very magnanimous," she said, softly—almost shyly. "I will forgive you—perhaps."

"Will you do more?" He was gaining in courage. "Will you promise me to cut this new acquaintance of yours?" Her little hand rested on the piano, and his—perhaps unconsciously—closed over it as he asked the question.

"Why?" she asked, as her fingers trembled in his, and a blush overspread her face.

"Because I wish it."

"Yes; I will do it for that."

Her eyes were downcast; her breath came quickened by nervousness.

He leaned toward her, and uttered an exclamation that sounded like a very tender word, when old Mr. Madison on the other side of the room had the bad judgment to rattle his paper, and Ella twisted her hand hurriedly away.

"I must ring for tea," she said. Caryl had no opportunity to speak to her again until he was bidding her good-night in the hall. Then she said to him:

"I spoke unadvisedly a little while ago. I promised to cut Mr. Lawrence. I meant, of course, that I will only have the little to do with him that ordinary society intercourse demands. That was what you meant, was it not? You know he is the guest of our friends."

"O, how do you do?" she said to the new comer, with a look and change of tone that made the man she had just left mutter an oath beneath his heavy moustache.

"The little flirt," he said savagely. "But my turn next, however.

"Are my promises valueless?" asked Ella.

"I apologize most humbly for having dared to question them. The man is most impertinently persistent, however."

"He is a nuisance," replied the girl.

"Will you have a game at tennis now? Will you be my partner?"

"But I have just refused Mr. Lawrence."

"All the more reason why you shall accept," he said, with lover's logic. "Come," and they stepped into one of the nearest courts.

Caryl Windom never left her side all that afternoon, and the jealous mothers and daughters had plenty to talk about.

But at the end of the afternoon, when all the people were taking their departure, Lawrence approached Ella and spoke a few low words that no one heard but herself.

Caryl was talking to the hostlers and did not witness the interview. And when he turned to her presently saying, "You will let me walk home with you, will you not?" to his amazement she replied with confusion:

"No, no, thank you. I am not going straight home. I have one or two places to call at."

"But I will gladly wait for you."

"You are very kind, but really I won't keep you. Indeed, I had rather not."

"I will not insist on forcing my society upon you. As it is evidently distasteful, I will withdraw it at once."

"Did I seem to find it so this afternoon?"

"But you are evidently desirous of being rid of me now—for what reason is best known to yourself."

"AND THEN CARYL WINDOM SAW THE WOMAN HE LOVED BEND LOW IN HER SADDLE AND KISS THE MAN HE HATED."

"Certainly, I meant nothing more."

"But then he talks very interestingly on some points," she mused in a tone of regret. Being a woman, she was born to tease.

"What weathercocks women are; talk to whom you please. Promises are valueless, I see." Caryl was angry.

"You see too much, or you see not enough," was her quick reply, while one of those fascinating changes swept over her face and she laid her hand on his arm looking up at him with tender reproachful eyes. I have given you a promise and I am going to keep it. Henceforth the conversation between Mr. Lawrence and myself will be confined exclusively to the respective conditions of our health and the weather."

"No," said he, smiling, "there is too much platitude about the weather. I draw the line there."

"You draw the line at the weather. O, well; so be it then," and the laughing face disappeared behind the closed door.

"Yes; best known to myself." She spoke half sorrowfully and yet hesitatingly as if a full confession trembled on her lips. "Good-bye, Mr. Windom."

He took her hand, bowed low over it, and let her go away.

He was a jealous man, and like all jealous men, suspicious; but withal, he was a warm-hearted, high-minded gentleman, and the conduct of Ella Madison had cut him to the quick.

It was quite dark now, and it had been arranged by the gentlemen whose obligations to the ladies did not take them away, were to remain at the Merton's for a few hours at the card table."

They adjourned to the smoking-room, and the cards and chips were presently brought forth.

"By the way, where's Lawrence?" asked Charlie Merton, as he lighted a cigar.

"I can answer for him," said young Williams, "you on the walk," spoke up little Williams. "Lucky fellow, anyway, to catch on to the belle of the day."

"O, well," said Lawrence, carelessly, "when a pretty woman like that asks you to see her home, what's a fellow to do?"

"Scarcely boast of it afterwards," was Caryl's quick reply. "Gentlemen, my time is up; but don't let my leaving break up the game."

"I believe I'll walk a little way, if you don't mind. I'm so late that its hard work while sitting in now." Lawrence, as he said this, put his arm through Windom's and walked out of the house and towards the gate with him.

"By Jove," he said, with easy familiarity. "What a deuced pretty girl that Miss Madison is. I declare that once or twice this evening—"

"I object to discussing any women acquaintances in this way, and especially with you," said Windom pointedly.

"Oh, very well; but as I don't feel like talking about anything else just now, I don't believe you will care particularly for my company. Good-night; see you at the party Thursday evening, I suppose?"

To neither remark did Caryl Windom make reply.

(To be Continued.)

"AND ELLA MADISON TURNED AND MET HIS GAZE."

CHAPTER II.

A week after this the Mertons gave a tennis party. All the young men and women of the neighborhood were present; among them, of course, Livingston Lawrence.

He came up to Ella as soon as she entered the ground, and Caryl Windom, standing in one of the drawing-room windows, saw the interview.

"They are forming a set for tennis. Will you not be my partner?" he said to her.

"No, thank you. I shall not play just now."

"But a little later, then. In half an hour, say."

"I do not know that I shall play at all."

"But you have come prepared with racquet and shoes."

"I don't know that that necessitates my boiling under the sun," she said coolly.

"Won't you come and sit in the shade then?"

"I am going this way, thanks," and she pointedly turned from him to meet Caryl Windom coming down across the lawn.

who had just entered the room. "I met him just now escorting the pretty Miss Madison to the paternal mansion."

Caryl Windom turned towards him; but by an effort restrained the expression that rose to his lips.

"The deuce you did?" said one of the other fellows at the table. "Seems to me Lawrence is badly hit in that quarter, eh! Windom?"

"I know nothing whatever of Mr. Lawrence's affairs," was Caryl's reply. He looked composed, but he nervously fingered the pasteboards he held in his hands.

The game began, and presently Lawrence himself entered the room.

"What, back so soon?" said Merton, "I thought after what we had heard that there would nothing more be seen of you for an hour yet at least."

"Saw the lady home all right, I suppose?" said another voice.

"O, yes; of course," was Lawrence's reply, though he looked a little puzzled.

Caryl Windom's face was like a thunder cloud.

"I suppose you had no idea that anyone saw

Love Letters.

The writing of love letters, says the Washington *Post*, began at a very early period of the world's history. We cannot bring documentary evidence to prove just where or how it began, or who started it, for history is hazy when we undertake to get at the facts, away back near the time of the primal pair; but inasmuch as love was included in the original outfit of the human family, it must have been talked in Eden, and inasmuch as writing is merely talking at long range it follows—the conclusion, we submit, is inevitable—that love letters passed between the first pair of lovers who happened to be separated after the invention of writing.

If Adam and Eve had known how to write and could have guessed how much pleasure they could find in the new sensation, we have no doubt they would have parted from each other a few days just to indulge in epistolary communication. True, there was no general post office, no fast mails, no carrier system, no green stamps in their time, but they might have left their letters, as millions of their descendants have done, in a hollow tree—an apple tree, for instance—or under some loose stone on top of the garden wall. What a relief from ennui they would have found in such an exchange of vows and compliments and tender nothings.

Why is it that the publication of love letters in courts of law or in the newspapers sends a snicker across the continent? Why do people, old and young, and of all sorts and condition, rush in crowds to the courts and almost travel over each other's heads to hear love letters read and then go home and laugh at them as if they had found something unique in the way of fun? Why do grave men and sober women skip all the sensible reading in a newspaper if it happens to contain a love letter, and, having read that, laugh at it as if it were the latest and best of Gilbert's operatic jokes? Ten to one if all the old trunks in all the old garrets were called to give up their treasures they would convict these grave men and sober women of just such "silliness," if they please to call it so, as that which excites their risibles. No man or woman was ever thoroughly in love and not to have been there, we are informed, is to have missed some happiness, at least—who didn't say and do "silly" things. Why, then, does everybody feel such an irresistible inclination to poke fun at the manuscript love making of an unfortunate whose letters get into the courts and papers? It is a mystery we shall not attempt to explain.

There is one phase of this general subject that seems to call for special mention, to wit: the intensity that an aged swain puts into long-range courtship, and the peculiar zest with which other aged parties get their full of fun out of his written caresses. There is nothing new in the torridity of an old man's love, provided its object be a damsel of tender years. If we had the social statistics of the Patriarchs—and we regret our inability to cite them on this occasion—we could prove that December has always been falling in love with May. And if mathematical formula were applicable to a matter of this kind, we could demonstrate that the heat of an old man's love for a young woman is in the ratio of the square of his distance from her reckoned in years. Why make fun of a universal trait?

It's a Wise Father That Knows His Own Family.

"Yes," said the Principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary to the proud parent, "you have to be very long, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another."

"Large family! Devoted?" gasped the old gentleman, in amazement: "What on earth do you mean, ma'am?"

"Why, yes, indeed," said the Principal, beaming through her glasses: "no less than eleven of Gussie's brothers have been here this winter to take her out sleigh-riding, and she tells me he expects the tall one with the blue eyes again to-morrow."

Chat After Church.

Mr. Fitz Percy (who has been trying to render the tenor of all the hymns, to the dismay of all the neighboring pews)—I don't sing, Miss Flora.

Miss Flora—Oh, yes, Mr. Fitz Percy, you do sing; but you oughtn't to!"

The Fireman's Story.

"A frightful face!" Wal, yes, yer correct;
That man on the engine thar'
Don't pack the handsomest countenance—
Every inch of it sportin' a scar:
But I'll tell you, pard, thar' ain't money enough
Piled up in the national banks
To buy that face—not a single scar—
(No, I never indulges. Thanks.)

Yes, Jim is an old-time engineer,
An' a better one never war knowed!
Bin a-runnin' yar since the fust machine
War put on the Quincy road;
An' thar ain't a galoot that pulls a plug
From Maine to the jumpin'-off place,
That knows more about the big iron hoss
Than him with the battered-up face.

"Git hurt in a mash-up!" No, 'twas done
In a sort o' legitimate way;
He got it a tryin' to save a gal
Up yar on the road last May.
I haven't much time fur to spin you the yarn,
Fur we pull out at two twenty-five—
Jist wait till I climb up an' toss in some coal
So's to keep the old "90" alive.

Jim war pullin' the Burlin'ton passenger then,
Left Quincy half an hour late,
An' war skimmin' along purty lively so's not
To lay out number twenty-one freight.
The "90" war more than a 'hoppin' 'em up,
An' a quiverin' in every nerve!
When all at once Jim yelled "Merciful God!"
An she shoved her sharp nose round a curve.

I jumped to his side o' the cab, an' ahead
'Bout two hundred paces or so,
Stood a gal on the track, her hands raised aloft,
An' her face jist as white as the snow.
It seems she war so paralyzed with fright
That she couldn't move fo'ard or back,
An' when Jim pulled the whistle she fainted an' fell
Right down in a heap on the track.

I'll never forgit till the day o' my death
The look that cum over Jim's face;
He throwed the old lever c'ar back like a shot,
So's to slacken the "90's" wild pace.
Then he let on the air brakes as quick as a flash,
An' out through the window he fled,
An' skimed 'long the runnin' board c'ar out in front
An' lay down on the pilot ahead.

Then, just as we reached whar the poor creatur' lay,
He grabbed a tight hold of her arm,
And raised her right up so's to throw her one side
Out o' reach o' all danger an' harm.
But somehow he slipped an' fell in with his head
On the rail as he throwed the young lass,
An' the pilot, in strikin' him, ground up his face
In a frightful an' horrible mass!

As soon as I stopped I backed up the train
To the spot whar the poor fellow lay;
An' thar set the gal with his head in her lap,
An' a sight' the warm blood away.
The tears rolled in torrents right down from her eye
While she sobbed like her heart war all broke—
I tell you, my friend, sich a sight as that 'ar
Would move the tough heart of an oak.

We put Jim aboard an' run back to town,
Whar for week arter week the boy lay
A-hoverin' right in the shadder o' death,
An' that gal by his bed every day.
But nursin' an' doctorin' saved him around—
Kinder snatched him right outen the grave.
He's alive an' he hain't no mark, but his heart
Remains just as noble an' brave.

Of course thar's a sequel—as story books say—
He fell dead in love, did this Jim;
But he hadn't the heart to ask her to have
Sich a battered-up rooster as him.
She kin guess how he felt, and last New Year's Day
War the fust day of leap year, you know,
So she jist cornered Jim an' proposed on the spot,
An' you bet he didn't say no.

He's buildin' a house up thar on the hill,
An' has laid up a snug pile o' cash.
The weddin''s to be on the first o' next May—
Jist a year from the day o' the mash—
The gal says he risked his dear life to save hers,
An' she'll jist turn the tables about
An' give him the life that he saved—thar's the bell!
Good-day, sir; we're goin' to pull out.

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A Wilful Woman.

There was a sensation in Slowboro'—a profound sensation. Never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had society (such as it was) in Slowboro' been afforded so much food for agreeable speculation before. Since the memorable day upon which the box of gunpowder exploded at the general store in the High street, and blew the head clean off the small message-boy, there had been no such thrill of excitement as that caused by the announcement that the rich Miss Claverhouse was coming back from India, with her name unchanged. The astonishment of Slowboro' at this very astonishing fact was profound indeed. The departure of the young lady from her native place was somewhat remarkable. Like nearly all rich young women, Miss Madge Claverhouse had her temper, her caprices and her whimsical ways. Other young ladies, not so rich, not so good-looking, and, consequently, not so much sought after by the male portion of the creation, said meanly "Madge Claverhouse is full of airs and upsininess." But this was not true; it was a gentle slander. Madge Claverhouse was neither airy nor uppish. She was a handsome woman, rich and a good deal spoiled by the world and consequently she had a wilful habit of demanding her own way in everything. She displayed at the same time a degree of indifference to what other people thought of her conduct quite astonishing at times. The reason why Miss Claverhouse left home for the Central Provinces of India, was not a very strong one. She was tired of English society at home, and would like, she said, to look at it from a fresh standpoint. Besides her constant flirtations were a source of constant friction with her staid maiden aunt, with whom she shared her beautiful house. So Miss Claverhouse one morning startled the household at Brankmere by announcing that it was her intention to go out to India on a visit to her sister whose husband was colonel in a regiment out there.

"Let me implore you, my dear," were the old lady's last words to her departing niece "not to flirt."

But in spite of her aunt's exhortation Madge Claverhouse resolved to make no vows. And when she went to India she didn't spare the men.

"It is positively shocking, my dears!" Miss Gordon said to her bosom friends. "The way that girl treats young fellows—just as if they hadn't a scrap of heart."

And the old lady was quite right. The fair Madge Indian experience was quite out-did her home record. Alas! what sad havoc the beautiful girl made amongst the men—young and old—in the gay social circle at Hickelkotki yiwun. They were all her willing slaves, and their rivalry amongst themselves was at times quite embarrassing. No one seemed able to withstand the charms of the fascinating girl who so lure of wealth was even the least of the reasons why she was sought.

Madge Claverhouse was very handsome. She was no languishing beauty of the fade-away type whose complexion would not bear a glare of gaslight. She was a splendid type of woman. A fine figure that owed far more to nature than to the dressmaker, fine brown eyes, glossy auburn hair and a complexion such as only perfect health can give. And, to crown that little grace of deportment so perfectly indicative of a total absence of the half-imaginary ills that most female flesh is heir to. There was no secret in its cause. She was a country-bred girl, but in her case physical and mental cultivation had gone together with the happiest result. There was a charm about her which no one could resist. It was true that wherever she went she drew the men around her like a magnet, but there she really couldn't help it and it was unfair for other girls to say that she was "flirty," or that she had "designs."

"I wish those stupid men wouldn't bother me!" Madge sometimes said, half in anger. "Such stupid nonsense as they talk!"

In faith she was more bothered by the foolish fond moths of society than ever she had been before in the whole course of her life. All the officers of her brother's regiment fell at her feet, all proposed in turn, and each and all were rejected with a hypocritical, "Oh, I'm so sorry, but I didn't mean to be serious, don't you know." Then a tear would drop from the long lashes of the downcast eye, a little sigh would flutter up, and there the matter ended. Five minutes after the wretched young man had left her, vowing that he was broken-hearted, the coquette would say, with a gay laugh to her sister:

"It was too bad, poor fellow! But really it wasn't my fault, and it was such fun!"

They couldn't be cross with her—they couldn't hate her, so they hated each other instead. Nice sort of fun, indeed, a lot of men getting at loggerheads with each other and treating each other with the utmost civility, all on account of a wilful woman.

One would think that after all her experience Miss Madge would not care to settle down at home. But here she was, coming back again, a little tired of all her conquests it is true, but quite as wilful as ever. It was quite an eventful time that bright May morning when Madge arrived at the station and found a high trap waiting for her.

"Miss Gordon said she thought you'd sooner have this than the carriage," the coachman exclaimed.

Madge would much sooner have it, so when her baggage was stowed in the station she started for home. Now, when Madge had started on her way she discovered that the horse was very fresh and very much inclined to have its own way. The horse was very high and a fall would be an ugly thing, therefore Madge felt a little put out. A remarkable thing happened. The horse got very troublesome and seemed very much inclined to take to his heels. In such a case he would, in all probability, land the occupants of the trap in a deep ditch, or knock their heads out against some stone wall. Nasty thought! Enter on the scene: A man, young, good-looking and well-dressed. Going up to the horse (now standing on its hind legs) he caught it by the head.

"I think you had better get down, Miss Claverhouse," he said, kindly, "this animal is vicious and untrustworthy, and may upset you. The man can bring the carriage back for you."

"Oh, we are not so far from home," the lady said graciously, "I think I'll walk."

So she got down and walked home, chatting agreeably to her companion. Miss Gordon's amazement was immense at the peculiar manner of her niece's arrival, and she declared Luke Fosbrooke was the most singular man in the world for adventures.

The acquaintance so singularly brought about between Madge Claverhouse and Luke Fosbrooke ripened into warm friendship and later to what was a more decided feeling.

"It was too bad," the girls of marriageable age said, "Here are we in the place for ever-so-long, and none of us yet; Mrs. Fosbrooke,' and here is this girl picking up the best match in the place the very hour of her arrival!" But such is life and the matrimonial chances thereof. It is the very perversity of fortune that the rich girl gets the rich man and the poor girls don't. It generally is because they are rich girls, some ill-natured people say, that the men with lots of money marry them.

Time passed and it came to be looked upon as a settled thing that Captain Luke Fosbrooke would in due course become the hu-band of Madge Claverhouse. It is hard, though, that the old saying of "many a slip, etc.," comes in. This is how the slip happened. The annual haut ball was to come off in Slowboro' and it had been decided by the organizers of that exciting entertainment that it should be a fancy ball.

On a certain afternoon Luke Fosbrooke was at Brankmere, and with the lover's purdonable interest in such trifling affairs, he said:

"Madge, what are you getting for the ball? Don't you know it is on the 5th?"

This was the lat.

"Oh, not very much." Madge, laughed, with a queer look. "It's rather novel than elaborate."

"What are you going as?" he asked.

"Ariel—The Tempest, don't you know," she replied, as if she wished to impress the fact on his mind.

"As what?" Luke asked, looking at her, she afterwards said, as if he had four pairs of eyes.

"A-riel," she said, with irritable emphasis, "short skirt, tights and my hair hanging about me."

And she struck what she considered a picturesque attitude before the astonished young man. Luke Fosbrooke was not what may be called a Shakespearian scholar, but he knew enough to know that Ariel was a young person of semi-seraphic origin who wore very little clothes, that her garments were deficient in length both ways and that she made a display of legs and arms which would in real life be considered worse than wicked.

He sat up from the sofa where he had been lounging and glared at his beautiful fiance.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you are going to appear at that ball like a half-dressed actress in a low burlesque."

"Oh, dear, no," she said stiffly, "not at all—but like a first-class actress in a first-class burlesque, if you make such an odious comparison at all. Why, may not I wear what I please."

Visions of a horrid scandal flashed across the brain of the excited young man.

"You can't deny," Madge declared, "that you told me once the prettiest thing you ever saw was Lydia Thompson, the actress, in that dress of white tights and feather body."

"But, good heavens!" he said angrily, "that was a burlesque, and she is a well known actress."

"Well, this is a fancy ball," she said, decidedly, "and I mean to go as Ariel."

"Well," he said, flaring up in anger, "I have only to say that if you appear in public in such a dress as that you can never be my wife."

"Oh, dear!" she retorted, with affected contempt; "what an awful loss!"

He was stung to the quick.

"I would not permit such an exhibition," Luke said.

"And do you suppose, Captain Fosbrooke," she said, turning an angry face to him, "that you are the only man who wants me to marry him, because if you do you are quite wrong, and it is only your absurd vanity makes you think so."

"Your present exhibition of temper would tempt them very much," Luke said rudely.

"You have no right to dictate to me," Madge said.

"Nor ever will have, I think," he retorted.

Madge was in a towering passion; she moved towards the bell.

"Don't trouble to ring, Miss Claverhouse," Lord Fosbrooke said, "I can find my way out."

Bowing ceremoniously, he left, feeling wroth at her behavior. From the window Madge saw him go, watching the retreating figure till hid from view. There was a mist before her eyes, and the pots of scarlet geraniums, bright though it was, looked dim and blurred. But she kept back the tears and sat down to the piano, playing softly till her feelings overcame her, when she ended the symphony in a crash, that fully illustrated the state of her mind.

"It was very silly," her Aunt Gordon told her, "for engaged people to fight over such a thing."

The ball was not a success for some people. Miss Claverhouse did go as Ariel, but no one was scandalized. Madge was not different, in point of cut, from that of any other evening dress, and the skirt came to Miss Claverhouse's knees. Indeed, it was quite modest compared than a sort of imitation ballet skirt. Luke Fosbrooke was in the room, but Madge swept past him with a cold recognition, and he went away very early.

People wondered what was the matter, but they were not left long in doubt, for it was soon apparent to the world that a "row" had been tween Capt. Luke Fosbrooke, and Miss Claverhouse.

And if the matter had rested there it would have been bad enough. But worse remained behind. This quarrel and the business of the fancy skip happened within a few days of the date intended for the wedding, and all the preparations had been made. Everything had to be put off. The trousseau, of course, "could be kept for some future occasion," Madge said, with a poor attempt at merriment. The difficult question then arose, what to do with the wedding cake? It had already been sent home, and there it was. The confectioner, of course, offered to take it back, was sympathetically sorry that it was not to be used, and declared it would be quite easy to dispose of it.

"Oh, dear, no, don't take it," Madge said, carelessly. "Just take some of those absurdly nuptial ornaments off it and leave it; I'll find some use for it."

So the little church and bridal party made of frosting sugar had to come off, together with a neighboring forest of orange-blossoms. She would, at least, let Capt. Luke Fosbrooke know that she was not breaking her heart. Then she sent the cake off to a neighboring town where a bazaar was about to be held in aid of the Hospital for Teething Infants with a request that tickets might be issued for the raffle of the cake, in aid of the hospital funds. No one was supposed of course to know what the cake had been originally intended for, but as is usual in such cases everyone found out, and then there was a nice sensation over the matter.

Luke Fosbrooke was furious, but of course, "wouldn't let on" as people said.

"The heartless creature," he said, "I'll buy every ticket I can get."

The Hospital for Teething Infants and the afflicted parents of the patients blessed that peculiar cake. Captain Fosbrooke bought up every ticket he came across. He exhausted the issue. It cost him £20, and he declared that he would spend any money so as to let no one have the much-talked of cake. Only that the bazaar intervened it is incalculable how many tickets the poor man might have bought.

He won the cake. "No wonder he should," people said he had hundreds of tickets. Madge was disconcerted. She had not calculated upon this.

"I suppose he'll do something especially contemptuous with the poor cake," she said. "Feed his four terriers with it, or give it to the prize brahmas, that won at the last show."

He did nothing of the sort. He waited a while and found a very effectual way of punishing Miss Claverhouse after her own fashion.

Now there was a certain club of a social character, called The Rangers, of which Luke Fosbrooke was the vice-president. The club gave what they called a joint stock pic-nic a few times every summer, that is, each member contributed a certain proportion of the refreshments and named a few people for invitation from the general club.

A pic-nic was arranged in a favorite wood, Madge Claverhouse was amongst the invited guests. She was warned that Luke Fosbrooke would be there, but she definitely decided to go, and to "let Capt. Fosbrooke see that she did not care." All the same she was looking wretched ever since the broken engagement, and her aunt was beginning to be seriously alarmed for her health.

It was a magnificent day, and the spread at the pic-nic was splendid.

But what on earth was that round box Captain Fosbrooke was bringing up to where the party sat? A shout of laughter greeted the captain as he produced from the box a splendid frosted cake. It was the top of the wedding cake, and no one noticed how horribly ill Madge Claverhouse looked. The captain was in great spirits apparently.

"Now then, ladies and gentlemen," he said, laughing, and imitating the gestures of an auctioneer. "Who'll bid. It is warranted of finest quality, and quite digestible. It is a beautiful black-and-tan cake, made of white."

In this strictly accurate, but "doggy" phraseology, Luke Fosbrooke invited people to take some cake.

"I think it is rather warm here," Madge said to the gentleman who sat beside her. "I think I will go to the shade."

They were a good bit away from the captain and his cake, but they could hear every word he said, and as they moved away Madge felt her heart heavy at the sound of the laughter that rang out at the captain's witty sallies.

Would she never see the end of that wretched cake? It was all her own fault. Later in the day, when Luke Fosbrooke passed a shady nook, and saw Madge Claverhouse sitting there alone, her head bent, and her hands over her face, weeping as if her heart would break, his first impulse was to go to her, but he checked it.

"It is her own fault," he said sternly. "If she suffers it is her own punishment."

But very soon rumors of another marriage were on foot. Miss Claverhouse had accepted the eligible person, who had offered him hand and what did duty for a heart, and Madge gave him her hand. She no longer knew what "love" was, but she "hoped to be happy."

The bridal morn arrived; the dismal day upon which Madge Claverhouse, the rich and beautiful girl, was to promise at the altar that she would love, honor and obey that wretched looking personage, the Hon. Algernon Hallmark. The wedding breakfast was a most dreary ceremony.

"Dear me, what a peculiar choice!" quoth the eldest Miss Spyly, grinning at the bridegroom through her gold-rimmed pince nez from the other side of the table. "I'm not good-looking, and I haven't much money, but positively I wouldn't marry a creature like that."

"Nor I," agreed the eldest Miss Upperneat, who was fat, fair and fifty-two. "It would be positively wicked."

Then the "happy pair" started for the continent. After a few weeks there they were to take a trip to the United States, where the Hon. Algy had some property he wished to look after.

What direction of fate was it, that the first person Madge met at the saloon door on the Mervin two days after they left Queenstown was Luke Fosbrooke? His amazement was evidently equal to hers, but only the coldest and faintest recognition betrayed the surprise that they were acquainted with each other. In that floating palace they had very little difficulty in keeping far apart. But before long the icy barrier that stood between them was destined to be broken down. It was an awful reconciliation. With a few days' sail their destination a terrible collision occurred at midnight. No one could say how it happened but from the moment it occurred it was apparent to everyone on board that the leviathan steamer had to face with death. A scene of wild confusion, of dire terror, prevailed. It was a fearful scene of panic, of unmanly men and helpless women. "To save the women," was the one thought of the captain and officers. They would unquestionably go down—they would not hold long; the boat would do much, but the women must be got in first.

Luke Fosbrooke's anxious eye wandered everywhere till at last he discovered Madge standing alone. The wretched husband was faintly with terror in his cabin. In one minute Luke was beside Madge, his strong protecting arm supporting her. One look told them that they had forgiven each other, and that they loved each other still. Surely this was no time for holding aloof when the shadow of the jaws of death. There was no word spoken, and at length the time came for Madge to take her chance for life in the boats. It wrung their hearts to part, and they would willingly have died together, for it were a sweet pain for their souls to depart in unity. But Luke cast her from him, knowing that it was her only chance. It was a wild farewell. The last sight that met the eyes of Madge before they closed in unconsciousness was the figure of Luke Fosbrooke waving a farewell from the sloping deck of the doomed ship.

The boats were picked up in the course of next day, and everyone landed in safety.

The names of Mr. and Mrs. Hallmark were amongst those of the saved, and amongst those who undoubtedly went down with the Mervin was Captain Luke Fosbrooke.

It was Christmas! More than a year afterwards. It was within a few days of the great Christmas festival, and the holly and ivy were in great request. It was snowing, too—a genuine hard Christmas.

The blaze of the wood-log on the hearth at Brankmere lighted a pale face and wistful eyes that looked steadily into the depths of the roaring fire. The tall, fine figure of the lady sitting wearily at the fire was draped in deepest black. Scarcely could recognize in this constant mourner the gay, light-hearted Madge Claverhouse.

Let us go through a little scene.

"Madge, my dear," she says softly, coming over to where her niece sits, and placing her cool hands on the hot brow, "do you feel very well to-night?"

"Pretty well, auntie," Madge answers; "why do you ask?"

"Because you are fretting," the old lady says, "my dear, it is nonsense. What does Longfellow say somewhere: 'Let the dead past bury its dead.' You should be a bit cheerful at Xmas."

"Cheerful," the other echoes, "well I try to be."

"Do you remember," the old lady says, "what poor dear Algy said to you the night he died, in New York, five days after you were picked up in the boat of that horrid collision steamer?"

"Oh, hush, auntie, let the poor fellow's memory rest," the younger woman says. "I did wrong in marrying him."

"But, my dear, the old lady says, "I have forgotten the words, and I want to recall them."

"If ever a good man wants you to marry him, consent," Madge says, recalling the words of her poor wretched little husband uttered on his death-bed.

There is silence for a few minutes.

"I often wonder," says the old lady returning to the charge, "whether Luke Fosbrooke was drowned off that steamer—people often have been thought drowned who were not so."

"Oh, auntie, don't speak that way," Madge entreats, starting up and looking aghast.

"But, my dear, people have come back from their supposed watery grave and have spent their lives with people they were originally intended for."

Madge grows as pale as death. The old lady has absolutely chuckled, and there she sits smiling and nodding her head like a dear old imbecile.

Madge grows sick with fright. She knows something strange is about to happen.

"What, in Heaven's name, do you mean?" she cries, staring in amazement.

"I mean, my dear, that I have heard this evening," the old lady says, "a most surprising story of the sea. A person who was thought to have been drowned has come back to Slowboro', alive and well."

"Who is it?" demands the niece in a terrified whisper.

"The gentleman was wrecked off a big steamer," Miss Gordon goes on. "His sole possession was a life-belt; he stuck to it, and was eventually picked up half dead by a passing steamer."

"Where is he?"

"In the next room."

"My God!—it can't be Luke Fosbrooke?" Madge almost shrieks, pushing the tangled hair back from her face as she stares at her aunt in bewilderment.

"Come in!" the old lady calls. The door opens; with a cry of joy, Madge rushes to the door and finds herself in Luke's arms.

Tableau!—Curtain.—*T. W. Flynn.*

A Lenten Memory.

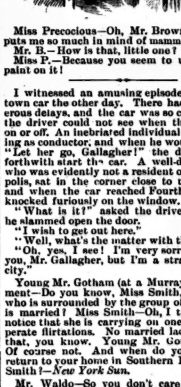
In all of the rustle and glitter
Of rout and reception and ball,
None ever appeared to me fitter
Than she was to shine o'er it all:
A woman divinely new fashioned
Of pearls de Venise and of tulle;
In sweet equipoise unimpassioned,
Intended to rule.

As she swept with her Juno-like glances,
That warned like the rays of the sun,
Through musicale, operas, dances—
The queen and the saint of each one—
I gave her my fervent devotion,
As one that had come from above;
And I buried my heart in an ocean
Of silence and love.

But, oh, as the season was ending,
On Ash Wednesday eve, as it sank,
She told me, with blushes ascending,
She'd said "Yes" to my cousin Frank.
Alas, that I faltered so lainly!
Alas, for my cousin! I pray;
I've only her memory saintly
To worship in Lent.

—*W. J. Henderson.*

Poor Mamma!



Miss Precocious—Oh, Mr. Brown, your nose puts me so much in mind of mamma's cheeks.

Mr. B.—How is that, little one?

Miss P.—Because you seem to use so much paint on it!

I witnessed an amusing episode in a crosstown car the other day. There had been numerous delays, and the car was so crowded that the driver could not see when the people got on or off. An inebriated individual was officiating as conductor, and when he would sing out, "Let her go, Gallagher!" the driver would forthwith start the car. A well-dressed lady, who was evidently not a resident of the metropolis, sat in the corner close to the cash-box, and when the car reached Fourth avenue she knocked furiously on the window.

"What is it?" asked the driver, gruffly, as he slammed open the door.

"I wish to get out here."

"Well, what's the matter with the bell?"

"Oh, yes, I see! I'm very sorry to trouble you, Mr. Gallagher, but I'm a stranger in the city."

Young Mr. Gotham (at a Murray Hill entertainment—Do you know, Miss Smith, if the lady who is surrounded by the group of gentlemen is married? Miss Smith—Oh, I think not. I notice that she is engaged to one or two desperate flirtations. No married lady would do that, you know. Young Mr. Gotham—H-m! Of course not. And when do you expect to return to your home in Southern Illinois, Miss Smith!—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Waldo—So you don't care for poetry, Miss Breezy? Miss Breezy—No; I understand a great distaste for it in early life. Mr. Waldo—Indeed! How so? Miss Breezy—Parsing Milton's Paradise Lost.—*New York Sun.*

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VOL. I] TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1888. [NO. 15

Matthew Arnold and the Funny Man

Matthew Arnold has denounced the professional funny man of the American newspaper press as a national calamity. Those familiar with the writings of the English philosopher can readily understand the extreme distaste which a man of his views and temperament naturally has for a school of writers whose characteristics of exaggeration, grotesqueness and flippancy are the very antithesis of his habits of thought. Nevertheless, as has been remarked, it takes all sorts of people to make a world and the world of literature in its varied phases is merely a reflection of the various classes and degrees of intellect, taste and opinion in the larger world of society. We cannot all be Arnolds, Carlyles or even authorities on the tariff question and the fisheries treaty—and if we were we should speedily bore each other to death. The American funny man simply represents a very prominent phase of American character. The growth of this now recognized branch of journalism indicates that the humorist supplies a natural demand and caters to a widespread existing taste. If he has his faults in the direction of irreverence and flippancy, the broad-minded social observer who studies contemporary phases of thought from all sides will recognize the fact that the funny man has lent a powerful aid to many needed reforms and done much to expose abuses, shams and frauds. Satire and ridicule are powerful weapons and are generally wielded by the much-abused jester of the American press upon the side of right and justice. There is room for the laughing as well as for the weeping philosopher in the republic of letters.

A Mistaken Idea of Education.

A great many young men in this age have imbibed the altogether erroneous notion that in order to fit themselves for any exalted position in life demanding intellectual capacity it is necessary that they must somehow obtain a college education. Often in order to achieve this object they will accept or perhaps demand sacrifices from parents or relatives beyond their means, or failing this resort will humiliate themselves so far as to exact from strangers by a species of polite beggary, the requisite funds. They sometimes peddle books at prices far beyond their market value and appeal for patronage on the ground that they want money to help them to go through college, or resort to similar forms of imposition on the public. Some years since it was the fashion in the States and it may be yet for college students of limited means to officiate as waiters at summer resorts to eke out their resources. The newspapers, instead of denouncing this practice as essentially mean and degrading, spoke of it in terms of praise. Now there is nothing disgraceful in being a book canvasser or a waiter—but there is something essential to the dignity of true manhood and womanhood lacking on the part of those who while pursuing such avocations are careful to let it be understood that they have assumed the role in order to raise money to get an education, thereby intimating that they expect something more from the public than would ordinarily be given for the services rendered.

It is a poor, pitiful beginning of a career, this wheedling and coaxing of money either from friends or strangers to obtain something which is at best a superfluity. A college education is not necessary to success in any walk of life. Many of the greatest statesmen, ablest writers and keenest intellectual workers never saw the inside of a university. A good education is within the reach of any young man or woman who can read. A very few dollars will put in their hands the means of self-education—even including the dead languages—if they desire. With ordinary application during leisure hours the youth who really wants to learn can in a few years master the objects of a college curriculum far more thoroughly than most university students care to do. In many cases it would probably be found that sheer laziness and a desire to sponge for a few years on the hardly won means of others, rather than any intense love for learning, is the motive of the young man who insists upon going to college upon begged or borrowed money. As between such a one and the other who manfully goes to work and endeavors to improve himself by study during the evening, the chances of an honorable and successful career are infinitely in favor of the latter.

Marrying on Small Incomes.

The old social problem of how much or how little income is sufficient for a young couple to marry upon is again up for discussion, though in a somewhat different form. As usually considered by the newspapers and their correspondents, the question is as to what amount will enable a man and wife to maintain themselves respectably. As now put by the New York Journalists, who are threshing over the old chaff of the controversy, the question includes the condition that the candidates for matrimony shall be in good society and retain their standing. The smallest income on which this is supposed to be possible is $3,500. New York of course is a very expensive city to live in and the requirements of social position there are continually growing with the growth of great fortunes.

There is very little to be gained by arguments of this sort, because no rule can possibly be laid down of general application. It all depends upon the individuals. There are some who have no notion of the value of money and would be continually in debt and difficulty, no matter what their resources. Others being thrifty managers and having the knack of making a little money go a long way, can not only live but keep up appearances, dress well and "pass in a crowd" with the most fashionable, on a pittance, which, to those not versed in the secret of economizing, would seem ridiculously small. The probability of marrying on a figure considerably below the average expenditure of those in the circle in which they have been accustomed to move, is a matter which candidates for wedlock must settle for themselves. Whether such a course will result in happiness or misery depends entirely on their temperaments, the strength of their mutual affection and their willingness to make sacrifices by giving up some of their accustomed enjoyments. About all that can be said by way of advice is, that if they have, in contemplating the struggles and sacrifices which they will be called on to make, any doubts or fears about the result, they had better not venture. When a man begins to weigh in the balance his club, his cigars and his champagne as against the pleasures of home life on a small income—when he finds himself deliberating and trying to offset gains and losses, it is a sure sign that he, at all events, is not one of those who should marry on limited resources—and the same with the young lady. If she can't make the sacrifice of the little luxuries and enjoyments of assured wealth freely and spontaneously she had better not make it at all. But to lay down a hard and fast line as to the sum upon which young people either in or out of society should or should not marry would be just as absurd as to try and regulate their matrimonial partnerships according to the color of the hair or complexion. The problem is complicated in each instance by a hundred personal considerations of which the outside adviser can know nothing.

A Casus Bell—I.

For Saturday Night.

I've an office near the corner,
Where St. James' old ding-donger
Just raises perfect bedlam when it bangs each quarter hour,
And with its tuneless timing,
And its inharmonious chiming,
It sets my very teeth on edge and turns my whole life sour.

I've no appetite for dinner,
And each day I'm growing thinner,
And I fear my earthly sojourning will not be very long;
Yet I would not care to tarry
Where my ears must ever carry
Those senseless, chiming, timing, rhyming, tuneless notes ding-dong.

Once my doctor called to see me;
'Twas but natural he should deem me
Non compos mentis, and I fear that he was not far wrong;
For replying to some question
About my indigestion,
I broke him up entirely by answering "Ding-dong."

And on Sundays when I'm busy
Writing verses to my Lizzie,
It's no wonder that the thunder of those chimes disturbs my song,
Or a letter I'd indite her
On my Remington type-writer,
But I find to my dismay that all I've written is "Ding-dong."

It's at morn, at noon and even,
When I come and when I'm leavin',
And my wits seem fairly going with that ceaseless, senseless song;
And the partner of my bosom
Seems to apprehend I'll lose 'em
Unless I quit the region of this terrible ding-dong.

And my landlord has no pity,
Yet I hope he'll see this ditty,
When I feel the manly heart within his bosom will relent;
For my attenuated shadow,
As compared with what I had O,
Should incline a heart of adamant to abbreviate my rent.

Toronto, February 24th, 1888. H. E.

Epitaph on an Early Settler.

Tread softly, stranger! reverently draw near!
The vanguard of a nation slumbers here.

Perchance he wander'd once by Yarrow's side,
Or dream'd where Severn rolls his volumed tide,

Mayhap his infant gaze first saw the light,
Nigh lordly Snowdon's heaven ambition'd height.

Or thrill'd his boyish heart, in bygone days,
'Neath the sad tones of Erin's mournful lays.

Amidst the crowded marts of Old World strife,
He yearned to live a nobler, purer life.

Brave heart, beyond Atlantic's sullen roar,
He sought a home on this wild western shore.

In peril's midst he built his log hut rude,
And lived, his one companion—solitude.

Yet not his only one, where'er he trod,
In childlike faith he walk'd with God.

His stalwart might, and keen, unerring aim,
Taught lurking savages to dread his name.

With quenchless courage and unflinching toil,
Redeem'd he, day by day, the unwilling soil.

Primeval gloom, beneath his sturdy blows,
Beam'd forth in glebes that blossom'd as the rose.

And years roll'd by. Europe her exiles sent—
Around him grew a thriving settlement.

But 'tis not good for man to live alone,
He wo'd and won a maiden for his own.

The flowers of June smiled on his marriage kiss,
And thrice ten years he tasted wedded bliss.

His children, born 'neath Freedom's own roof-tree,
Were cradled in the lap of Liberty.

They lived to bless the author of their birth,
And, by their deeds, renew'd his honest worth.

His neighbors loved the kindly, honest way
Of one whose yea was Yea, whose nay was Nay.

And did dispute arise, his word alone
Was jury, judge, and verdict blent in one.

Dark day that saw, and gloomier hearts which said,
The father of the settlement is dead.

Yes! full of years, beloved on every hand,
His spirit left them for the Better Land.

Tread softly, stranger! reverently draw near,
The vanguard of a nation slumbers here.

HEREWARD K. COCKIN.

Barnum says that the cost of keeping an elephant averages about $1.01 a day. The cost of seeing the elephant runs all the way from 0 up to $10,000, we've been told.

Rev. S. J. Shorey.

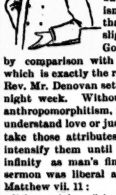
Sherbourne street Methodist church is one of the best arranged and most handsome places of worship in the city. It is essentially modern and in some instances I think too many novelties have been introduced—the opera chairs, for instance. They are not ascomfortable as a cushioned pew and no matter whether the church is crowded or half empty every one is squeezed into a space much too small for those who have the misfortune to be large or stout. It was a conundrum with me whether I would be better off with my heavy overcoat on the seat under me or in the wire rack before me. I tried it both ways and ashamed to be fidgetting any more left it in the holder in front. When a young lady with a high hat dropped into the seat behind which my coat and I were stowed, and swung back, I found myself astride my coat, my knees against the seat, while a velvet monument and bunch of flowers loomed up between me and the little man in the pulpit. The gentleman next me was large and not only filled his own pew but had quite a little overflow meeting in mine. However the clouds soon rolled by, the girl moved her head and the large gentleman leaned the other way and I had a chance to look around.

The church was fairly well filled, mostly by young people of an unusually attractive sort—the young ladies particularly. The gas is too glaring to suit my eyes, and globes around the burners would be much prettier and in better keeping with the place. The choir, ably led by Mr. Warrington, is good, and Mrs. Wright—in the quartette with Miss Body and Messrs. Huestis and Coates—displayed a voice of unusual sweetness and power. The organ recess in which the choir is located is much more commodious than is to be found elsewhere, and I should judge gave the singers every acoustic assistance possible.

Rev. S. J. Shorey is a young man of considerable ability, and, judging from his utterances on Sunday night, must be exceedingly liberal in his views. Ten years from now, if he studies hard and engages a competent elocutionist to teach him how to use his voice, he will not be second to any Methodist preacher in Toronto. In many respects he is the equal of the great majority even now, but his elocution is really something dreadful. Nothing can excuse the vocal torture of the interjection until "O, Lord!" sounds like "Who-a-a Lord." Almost every emphasis was misplaced, and the effect of the whole discourse, chopped up into feet by that tormented and tormenting uplifting of every twentieth syllable, was monotonous and finally drowsy. In prayer, the pulpit tone, which Bro. Shorey has adopted—no man was ever born with, or in ordinary life ever acquired such an accent—was very observable, and, as he warmed up a little, bordered on the old fashioned rant. Worse still, he gesticulated while he prayed. A gesture is intended to draw attention to the words accompanying it. If Bro. Shorey were speaking to the audience it was proper for him to gesticulate, but if the words were addressed to Divinity, no motions were necessary to attract attention.

Bro. Shorey has a face devoid of expression. It is the face which almost of necessity must be aided by every device of rhetoric and elocution if oratorical flights are attempted, but if the conversational method be adopted all that need be cultivated is a full, even tone, into which is thrown a deliberate, but colloquial emphasis. This is so easily acquired that I marvel how few preachers have it. Once the conversational tone is mastered by the public speaker, a little inward warmth, restrained by ordinary self-control, and a few dramatic pauses complete the equipment of a man who can be most powerful with an audience if his subject matter is good and properly arranged.

Bro. Shorey's thoughts were good, but they were imperfectly arranged, and, rhetorically speaking, badly clothed. No man can successfully attempt the eloquent style if he has not arranged the metre of his words. One who attempts it off-hand is sure to have to close a period with a preposition or some clumsy word which ruins the sound of the sentence. Unless a man has logical sequence or hortatory vehemence, or didactic simplicity to excuse his abruptness he must adopt the conversational style, or else have all his words ready before he faces an audience. There is no doubt in my mind that S. J. Shorey must accept the latter alternative or else lose his place in the race he is mentally capable of winning. His ideas are too liberal to suit those who want ranting, and his style too crude to satisfy the thoughtful.



It is because I believe in his capabilities that I take the liberty of going into such critical details.

As to the subject I was surprised to find him gently but firmly probing Calvinism, and defending the idea that if man is to have the slightest comprehension of God he must obtain it by comparison with man's best attributes, which is exactly the reverse of the proposition Rev. Mr. Denovan set out to prove last Sunday night week. Without going the length of anthropomorphitism, it is plain that we cannot understand love or justice in God if we do not take those attributes of man and extend and intensify them until they will reach as near infinity as man's finite mind can go. The sermon was liberal and able. His text was Matthew vii. 11:

> If then, ye being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good gifts unto them that ask Him.

He showed in a very thoughtful way that Christ understood that mankind could have no conception of God's love unless they began first to measure their own love for their children, and then went on to multiply this love by God's infinite capacity for loving.

The great mistake the heathen nations made was the investing of the gods of their conception with the lower and debased attributes of man: lust, selfishness, revenge, caprice and injustice. As mankind becomes more civilized, as culture supersedes ignorance and knowledge vanquishes superstition, it is found that man must be led rather than driven, and fear becomes less and less a factor in moving men. If it had not been for the idea of God, formed even in Christian times and adopted by Christian theologians, that He has attributes which would be abhorred by just and merciful men, the cause of religion would have made greater progress than it has. Would it be possible for men to associate with or even endure the society of a father who, while giving good gifts to a few of his children, disinherited the others and left them to perish? Yet the theologians of whom he had spoken, taught that God had done so by some of His children, and would permit them to perish for His glory. I do not give this slap at the doctrine of Predestination as it was spoken, but in effect it is as was uttered by the speaker, and I thought he would likely leave the subject at that point, and he did, though he seems to view things more from a lay than a clerical standpoint. Without dealing with the equally urgent and important doctrine of eternal punishment, he began to speak of the "good gifts" mentioned in the text, but my mind could not follow him. Admitting his premises, what is the logical conclusion? In civilization no man would be permitted to live an hour who inflicted the tortures of fire on a rebellious child. Therefore, on Rev. Mr. Shorey's lines and Mr. Shorey's illustrations, we come to the inevitable conclusion that God, being much more merciful and just, would not for eternity inflict such punishment on the larger portion of His children, even if they are rebellious. Would not such an idea be as repellant as that of predestination! If, then, Calvinism has retarded the progress of religion, what has the doctrine of eternal punishment done? Mr. Shorey said in effect that nothing will be enthroned in heaven which would be esteemed unjust or unloving here! Could anyone, from the higher impulses, best civilization or most exalted motives of humanity reason up to a God Who inflicts eternal fire upon those who do not accept His Son? Is there anything in Nature, or in even the least cultured of mankind, that we could use as the basis from which to argue up to the Divine infliction of eternal agony on the unbeliever or the rebellious?

I can see no way out of Mr. Shorey's argument except the rejection of eternal punishment from Christian faith. I do not pretend to settle such points, or even to argue them. Mr. Shorey's position is a radical one and has the advantage of appealing to every instinct in man which seeks to find the God in Whose image scripture tells us we were made—but it is not orthodox.

I don't believe the audience understood that the pastor in his sermon was indirectly, but certainly, leading up to a very sensational conclusion. Either with a desire to leave the issue incomplete, or with a lack of rhetorical skill, Rev. Mr. Shorey did not startle his congregation. I looked over the audience and discovered that the very great majority of them had dropped the thread of the discourse and were in the attitude of half listening and half resting, which shows that the current of an idea was neither enlightening or exciting them. If a man cannot hold the undivided attention of his audience with a topic so fraught with vital doctrinal points, I wonder under what circumstances he can enchain his listeners. As I remarked before, his rhetoric was not clear, and he left his argument incomplete. But something must be left to the audience, and he gave them points enough to work out a result which would no doubt be astonishing to the orthodox, for if the argument of the sermon meant anything it was intended to prove that God expects man to view divine love, divine mercy, justice, truth as the infinite counterparts of human love, mercy, justice and truth. If then the text was an invitation to reason from the human to the divine, it certainly inculcates more than the right to reason from the love of the human father to the love of the heavenly Father, and really sanctions a comparison of everything good within ourselves, such as honor, justice and truth, with the infinite attributes of the same kind. Once we are started on a comparison of this kind, it would be very difficult for us to discover where to cease, that is, where the "best attributes of man" end, and the passions and more debased impulses begin. While I don't profess to be a lover of the stern philosophy of Calvin it seems to me that those who abandon its rigid lines must either be liberal religionists—which may include heterodoxy—or stop short in their reasoning as Mr. Shorey did, or else close their eyes to the rules which ordinarily govern *q.e.d.* and *q.e.f.* If God authorized the use of human love as an imperfect symbol of divine love, then this method of reasoning warrants the use in a comparison of human mercy in order to gain a conception of divine mercy and when Mr. Shorey was speaking of the good gifts God gave to His children and the similitude which Christ used in order to make us understand God's love, he might also have told us of the punishments which God inflicts and given us a similitude by which we could reason up to them.

DON.

Orpheus and Eurydice.

(See Page Three.)

Orpheus was the son of Apollo and the muse Calliope. The skill with which Orpheus struck the lyre was fabled to have been such as to move the very trees and rocks, and the beasts of the forest assembled round him as he touched its chords. He had for his wife a nymph named Eurydice, who died from the bite of a serpent, as she was flying from Aristæus, also the son of Apollo. Orpheus, disconsolate at her loss, determined to descend to the lower world and endeavor to mollify its rulers and obtain permission for his beloved Eurydice to return to the regions of light. Armed only with his lyre, he entered the realms of Hades, and gained an easy admittance to the palace of Pluto. At the music of his "golden shell," to borrow the beautiful language of ancient poetry, the wheel of Ixion stopped, Tantalus forgot the thirst that tormented him, the vulture ceased to prey on the vitals of Tityos, and Pluto and Proserpina lent a favoring ear to his prayer. Eurydice was allowed to return with him to the upper world, but only on condition that Orpheus did not look back upon her before they had reached the confines of the kingdom of darkness. He broke the condition, and she was vanished from his sight.

Our picture shows Orpheus and Eurydice just at the moment, when, on account of this broken condition, the latter is being carried back to the infernal regions by Charon the ferryman, who bears the soul of the dead across the river Styx.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

The disappearance of the snow from the lawn and the approach of warmer weather would be gladly welcomed by many of the under-graduates who would again have a broader field for athletic exercise than the cramped rooms of the gymnasium. An athletic association is being formed in which all the clubs will be represented, and which will generally superintend the different branches of college sports, a movement which argues well for an increased interest in this line during the coming season.

No question has come up for some time which has aroused greater interest among graduates and under-graduates than the appointment to the new chair in political science. Mr. Houston, among others, has applied. Prof. Bell, of Colorado, formerly a Canadian, has also applied.

The literary society was well attended on Friday evening last, when amendments to the constitution were discussed. Mr. W. Prendergast's proposition to abolish prizes for public reading and speaking was carried after a lively discussion.

Mr. F. J. Stein proposed that the annual election begin at 4 o'clock instead of 8, in order that the voting might be over earlier. Partly in response to Mr. A. T. Hunter's eloquent appeal to retain the only romantic feature that characterises the college, the old midnight revelry was maintained. A motion for larger representation of the first year on the general committee, and one to allow graduates to vote for all candidates were lost.

The committee of the Knox college literary society as elected on Friday evening last consists almost entirely of university men. Mr. Geo. Needham, B. A., is president and Mr. John Crawford, B. A., critic.

The new editorial staff of the *Monthly* is also composed of graduates, Messrs. Duncan, Nattress, Rumball, Read, Scott and Shearer.

The president gave the second year a reception at his residence on St. George street, on Saturday evening last. Miss Agnes Knox gave some excellent little readings, and selections from Shakespeare were rendered by some of those present, Dr. Wilson taking the part of Falstaff. Music and conversation contributed in furnishing for the Sopha, one more of those enjoyable evenings which will always be kindly remembered by college men.

The bone of contention, over which opposing factions of the literary society are to fall to and worry each other, has not yet been thrown down.

Among those assembled in the lecture room of the Y. M. C. A. hall on Monday afternoon I noticed Prof. Baker, M.A., Messrs. D. R. Keys, B.A., Wm. Dale, M.A., John Squair, B.A., W. H. Fraser, B.A., of the college staff; Messrs. Huston and Shaw, of the Toronto Collegiate Institute; Mr. A. Stevenson, B.A., Upper Canada College, and Misses Steen, Eastwood and Patullo. The occasion was a public meeting of the modern language club, Canadian authors being the subject of discussion. Mr. Goldron Waldron occupied the chair, and the opening address was given by Dr. Wilson. Miss Charles gave a reading from Prof. Chapman's poem, and Miss Robson a piano solo. The meeting was altogether one of the most interesting of the session.

TOGA.

The Athenæum Club.

I have often wondered where the young men of Toronto, after their day's business cares were over, sought recreation and pleasure during the long evenings of winter.

Toronto, until the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium opened recently, had no athletic clubs, gymnasiums, or any place where the young men could, with any degree of exclusiveness, assemble for recreation of any kind. I have always thought it a pity Toronto did not imitate Montreal's enterprise, and organize a good athletic club for her young men, which, I think, would prove beneficial both morally and physically. That success would be assured for such a project, I have no doubt. Look into the Athenæum club any night and you will be convinced our young men appreciate what advantages they have. I made a visit to the Athenæum last Saturday night and was agreeably surprised to behold their spacious and comfortable quarters filled with young men enjoying themselves at billiards, chess and checkers. It was one of their club nights, which I believe are held once a month, on which occasion a band of excellent music is engaged to enliven the evening, much to the delight of the ladies, who generally grace the occasion with their presence. This night was no exception; Marcicano's Italian orchestra was engaged, and played some beautiful selections from Il Trovatore and Martha, also the Mocking Bird, and several other popular selections. The balcony was well filled with ladies, who seemed to take great interest in the billiard games, the music, and no doubt in watching their gentlemen friends also.

Towards eleven o'clock I left, feeling convinced that if there were more of such places of amusement, our hotels and public billiard rooms would not be so frequently patronized.

H.

Here and There.

His Grace the Archbishop by his fervid piety and high personal character, as well as by his knowledge of politics and ability to use the influence of the Church to the greatest possible advantage, has obtained an exalted position in the secular as well as the clerical affairs of this province. Of high repute at Rome, of enormous influence at home, he is a man who is to be reckoned with as a factor in public movements. For these reasons he well deserves a respectful consideration which some of the newspapers are not giving him with regard to the use of the ballot in the election of Separate School trustees. It cannot be contended that any personal pique or stubbornness of character has led him to oppose the extension of the ballot to Separate School elections. The argument that has been most generally used against him is that he is all things to all men, and prejudice has been excited by the charge that he is a Jesuit, who scruples not to attain his end by pretending to favor that to which he is opposed.

* * *

The fact remains, however, as I suggested once before in this column, that his Grace is wrong. Those who pay their money for the support of the Separate Schools have a right to the protection of the ballot and to the prerogative of the citizen. He should not assume to dictate in matters of this kind. He must thoroughly understand that the arbitrary position he has taken in regard to what is really a small matter must have a wide-reaching influence. In denying the right enjoyed by the Protestant citizen to the elector of the Roman Catholic persuasion he is drawing a line which no self-respecting Roman Catholic will submit to. The moment that a man's religion debars him from the exercise of the privileges of the full citizenship enjoyed by other creeds he is forced to a choice which will ultimately result in a weakening of his faith and a hostile attitude towards those who are wrongfully endeavoring to coerce him. If it were a doctrine or vital tenet of his faith opposition would but increase his zeal, but, when the matter at stake is forced upon him by the retrogressive spirit of a prelate or the stubbornness of one in power, rebellion will ensue. Catholic fathers are anxious to see their children educated in what they esteem to be the true faith, but no parent of natural ambition will consent to the enslavement of his child or assist in holding him in a state of electoral serfdom.

* * *

The attitude of the Archbishop will result in his personal humiliation if he is defeated or in the estrangement of his people if he is successful. It would be wise for him to abandon the contest before this painful dilemma is presented to him with no alternative.

* * *

The conservative tendencies of the Hon. Mr. Mowat have at last yielded to the clamor of his party and the liberal propositions of his opponents to the extent of offering the country manhood suffrage. The tardiness of the measure and the suspicion that it has been introduced to strengthen the opposition of his friends at Ottawa to the expensive and arbitrary rule of the revising barrister will detract much from the *kudos* which would have been his had he passed the measure some years ago. Hanging backward in the harness which in this province unites the ill-mated teams of "Liberal" politicians and liberal opinion he has always been a laggard in his step and a brake in his influence. The fact that he has at last yielded to the pressure of public opinion is more to the credit of liberal thought than to the impulses of so-called Liberal statesmen. Nevertheless the people are the gainers and the step so tardily taken will have its effect on the House of Commons, and we may hope that the revising barrister and the expensive system of which he is a part will be substituted by manhood suffrage the Dominion over.

* * *

The incident in the House of Commons on Monday was a sad one when the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, like an old war-horse scenting the battle, struggled to rise and give the benefit of ripe experience and honest thought to the debate on the Fisheries question. What more touching commentary on the feebleness of human strength and the brevity of political greatness could there have been? The noble old heart, fired by the same impulses which made him a tower of strength to Liberalism and the watchdog of the treasury, was unimpaired, but the tongue, once so eloquent in debate, could only mumble in unintelligible tones, the words the patriotic mind inspired. The voice that not only controlled a party but issued the edicts of the country could do no more than utter a feeble protest against the mistake of Mr. Mills, who had been one of his own ministers, and whose stupid conceit has always manifested itself when opportunity offered. The Conservative cheers, even more than the applause of his own friends, bore testimony to the high place that the ex-premier occupies in the hearts of the Canadian people.

* * *

The sight of Sir John struggling to free himself from the ambitions of earth and prepare for heaven, coupled with the picture of the honest old man, paralyzed and poor, hungering still for the excitement of the fields in which he has so often fought, should convey to every mind that politics, with all the honor and glory that may accrue to the successful, are not the surest road to happiness or the most satisfying reward to the ambitious. *Sic transit gloria*, etc.

Trinity Talk.

The second inter-collegiate debate, Trinity v. McMaster, took place last week at McMaster Hall, Dr. Andrew Wilson presiding in the unavoidable absence of Prof. Goldwin Smith, who had consented to discharge the duties of that office. Besides the actual debate the programme included three choruses by the McMaster glee club—Oberon in Fairy Land (Reay), The Dawn of Day (Stevens) and Perkins' Sweet Vale of Rest. On the whole these were all well rendered, considering the size of the club. Mr. E. T. Tyndall, B.O., also contributed a reading from Julius Cæsar, selected from Act IV., sc. 3. I should like to ask why Mr. Tyndall should have thought it necessary to apologize for having to publicly pronounce the word "Devil," or speak of its occurrence in the play as though that fact were derogatory to the "immortal bard." It sounded most ridiculous, to say the least of it.

*

The chairman then read the subject for debate, which was as follows: "Resolved, that the sixteenth century marks an era of greater progress than the nineteenth." Trinity upheld the affirmative in the persons of Messrs. E. C. Cayley, B.A., and H. P. Lowe, while for the negative appeared Messrs. S. T. Arthur and D. B. Hutchinson, B.A., of McMaster. Mr. Cayley opened the debate by remarking that the sixteenth century was the age in which man recovered his individual freedom. From it all succeeding centuries took their inspiration, while up to it all the preceding centuries led.

*

After a plenitude of illustration and the names of Luther, Erasmus, Copernicus and Bacon and many others were brought forward exemplifying the proposition under debate, Mr. Cayley concluded a well-knit and clearly-delivered speech by a general summing up, in which he showed that Protestantism was born in the sixteenth century, and that from it came the movements which so fructify our present age.

*

Mr. S. T. Arthur then replied with a tremendous broadside of figures and statistics which were, I suppose, for the most part, correct. He brought forward the various facts connected with the spread of the Bible, books and general literature, steam-engines, the telegraph, and a few other little items inscribed upon a voluminous role of paper which rather terrified the chairman and did not strike me as being very effective.

*

Mr. Lowe then resumed the argument for the affirmative in what was, perhaps, the most effective speech of the evening. He claimed that the sixteenth century not only furnished men who in their devotion to an ideal gave us an example, but that their work started lines of thought and action which were the fountain of all future development. Mr. Lowe's forcible and clear definition of his theme at the close of his speech, brought him a good round of applause from the audience.

*

Mr. Hutchinson of fluent tongue and ready wit followed. After defining progress, he claimed that if the contention of the affirmative was right that the sixteenth century owed its superiority to the fact that it saw the birth of much that we now enjoy, we should not give the credit to that period, but to those earlier centuries in which the first beginning of things were found. He claimed that universities, schools, Bibles, books, toboggans and everything else was in full swing before the sixteenth century. The Reformation was to be condemned as it brought endless trouble into the world. After instancing the advantages which had accrued to women under nineteenth century progress he concluded by alluding to the superior enlightenment of the age and sat down amidst well-deserved applause.

*

Mr. Cayley in reply scattered the waning hopes of his opponents with some happy hits, frightened the chairman with his wildest gesticulations and subsided into his chair.

*

Dr. Wilson after ably summing up the gist of the arguments which had been brought forward by both sides, unhesitatingly gave his verdict in favor of the affirmative and declared old Trinity victorious.

*

The Trinity shirt-fronts and white ties were immaculately spotless. This, in itself, must have influenced the chairman's decision, apart from the merits of the speeches which came from out their snowy depths.

*

The audience, which was large and fashionable, chiefly consisted of ladies.

*

Mr. Lowe seemed the favorite of the evening; he reminded me somewhat of my old friend Cicero, when I heard him deliver his second Philippic before the *patres conscripti*.

*

Mr. Hutchinson was the wit of the evening. His "Progress on a Toboggan" was worth following.

*

The glee club should enlist two or three more first tenors to better sustain the air.

*

The weekly meeting of the Institute was postponed so as to give all members an opportunity of attending McMaster.

*

On Friday next the annual meeting, the President in the chair, will be held. The chief business on the "agenda" paper is the election of officers for the coming year and the presenting of reports. A full attendance is expected.

*

I am glad to hear such good reports of F. C. Heathcote's doings at Woodbridge. Rev. C. H. Short was in college on Saturday.

*

I see signs of the approaching baseball season beginning. Both Browns and Maroons have signed all their men. The salaries, I understand, will be about the same as they were last year. All communications on the subject, challenges, etc., may be addressed to G. E. Powell, general manager and factotum. Applicants for the post of official umpire will be thankfully received. Life insurance effected at the university's expense.

*

The Rev. H. Symonds, fellow and lecturer in theology, preached at St. Mark's, Parkdale on Sunday evening.

*

The Bishop of Niagara will read a paper at this week's meeting of the Theological and Missionary association.

OMEGA.

Twenty-three years ago a hop inspector working at a salary of $1,500 a year became stage-stuck, and despite the fact that he had a wife and child accept an engagement in a stock company at $4 per week. His name was and is Thomas W. Keene. After these years of toil he has achieved—or, it would be more proper to say, is rapidly achieving eminence as a star. I had a very pleasant chat with him in his dressing-room last Tuesday evening. He was arrayed in the scant habiliments of Marc Anthony, which showed his shapely form to advantage. He has a particularly interesting face, square jaws, expressive mouth aquiline nose and bright eyes. He is without any egotism, an entertaining conversationalist, a pleasant companion and his company find it very pleasant to travel with him. I asked him about his past life and he told me of his experience as a hop inspector and the nerve it required to abandon an assured livelihood and risk his fortunes on the stage while he had a much-loved wife and child to provide for.

"It's a hard life," I suggested.

"Yes," he said, with a laugh, "when you are under, but I have got far enough along to find it much easier and very pleasant."

"How long have you been starring?"

"About eight years, during which time I have made the tour of the English provinces with excellent success. They would hardly believe I was an American; they said I spoke English too well to be a Yankee. I like an English audience. They are more appreciative, and grasp the points much more readily than the average American theater-goer. They have not only seen but read many plays, and I find the same thing hold true in Toronto. Last night, in Richelieu, at points where I never looked for applause the audience seemed to appreciate wonderfully, and I do not think they let a good passage escape without manifesting their approbation."

"What is your favorite play, and what part do you prefer?"

"Hamlet. I like it better than any other, but it is not the one I most frequently act."

Talking about Irving and other tragedians, I remarked that Louis XI., as given by Mr. Irving, pleased me more than any other tragic part. He said he played it sometimes, and had an excellent wardrobe for it, but of course did not imagine that he could rival Mr. Irving, whose mannerisms and entire make-up seemed so exactly suited to the part. I expressed the hope that the next time he came he would favor us with Louis XI., and he replied that perhaps he would.

*

That the legitimate plays of the old school are still appreciated by Toronto play-goers was made evident by the enthusiastic reception given Mr. Keene on Monday night in Lytton's powerful drama Richelieu. Richelieu, the great Cardinal and crafty statesman of Louis XIII, was well portrayed by Mr. Keene who showed a decided improvement in his acting and impersonation of the character since he last appeared here in the same role. Although he sometimes appears too vigorous and robust to give a true conception of the frail old Cardinal and a slight suspicion of ranting is heard in one or two instances, yet these defects were scarcely noticeable in the otherwise splendid performance. His company certainly averages better than the majority. Mr. Wheelock played a very satisfactory part as De Mauprat, although I think he is capable of doing himself better justice in a different character. Mr. Elliott, as Baradas, Mr. Curran, as Joseph, Mr. Moor as Francois, and Mr. Jackson, as Louis XIII, all added to the success of the play and rendered their parts with satisfaction.

*

Miss Annie Boyle, who is not only beautiful and graceful, but a remarkably clever actress, scored a decided success as Julie De Mortimer, and won the sympathy of the audience at once by her modest and pleasing manner.

*

On Tuesday night Julius Cæsar was well presented, and Mr. Keene's confidence in himself is shown by the fact that he is not afraid to surround himself with a company of clever young actors, who did their parts as well as could be expected of any travelling company. They were perhaps a little too youthful in appearance but were all acceptable, and it would not be fair to criticise a performance of that sort where the Roman populace and the armies of Brutus and Marc Anthony are made up of a few supes with tin swords and badly fitting tights. They always make me laugh. It can be said, however, that the support average as good if not better than the support of Barrett and other tragedians who have visited Toronto. Othello at the matinee and Richard III. on Wednesday evening were also strong performances. Since I last saw him Keene has wonderfully improved, and I felt that my suggestion of ranting was almost unjust. It takes a man some time to learn to control himself, but that time of cool deliberation seems to have come to Keene.

*

Passion's Slave at the Toronto this week was not a good play, nor was it presented by a good company. The play is full of impossibilities and the company of impossible actors. The scenery was excellent and the colored quartette good. The motto of the author seemed to be "let the plot thicken," and it did thicken with every act. A General Somebody was having a terrible time with his family. The general's son is suspected of robbery and the daughter's lover of murder. The poor daughter has a hard trip and the villian still pursues her at every step. Wild rescues, deliverances from prison, plunges from rocky cliffs, mixed with pailsful of gore, are flung over the stage to the great joy of the gods and to the weariness of those who delight in more sensible things. The fun is dragged in by the hair of the head. At the end, after three hours of murder, robbery, villainy and modern miracles, they all go home to have sausages for supper. Messrs. Jacobs & Shaw should give us just a little less of this gory melodrama.

*

Monday evening the company from the Star theater, New York, will begin an engagement of six nights and two matinees at the Grand Opera House, in William Gillette's play, Held by the Enemy, which since seen here last season has been largely reconstructed, and has met with greater success in England than any American play has ever met there. It will be given here with the same cast and scenery used in the New York run. Since its changes the plot briefly told is as follows: Col. Prescott, a Northern officer, is in love with Rachel McCreery, who is engaged to be married to her cousin, a Confederate lieutenant named Gordon Hayne. Prescott declares his love, and on that night her affianced husband visits the house. He is captured by the Northern men and tried, and while the trial is in progress, Prescott produces certain papers he had taken from Hayne after his capture. The papers which are plans of the Union army, prove him guilty of being a spy. Rachel accuses Prescott of having forged them in order that he might rid himself of a rival. The spy makes a confession and is sentenced to death. The subsequent scenes are among the most thrilling and exciting in the play. Hayne, feigning death, endeavors to escape with the assistance of Rachel, who was given permission by the General in command to convey the supposed dead body through the lines. In the hospital the body is detained by the Surgeon, who suspects all is not as it should be, and when the General enters an examination is ordered. The supposed dead man, after passing through this terrible ordeal, is about to be examined, the cloth is lifted and Hayne pronounced dead, having really died from fright and anxiety. Rachel is stricken with horror and grief, but at the end marries the Northern colonel after all. There is an underplot connected with the love of a younger sister Susan.

*

Sisson and Cawthorne's company, in the comedy, Little Nugget, will be all next week at the Toronto Opera house. The Toledo *Bee* says: "The People's was crowded long before the curtain went up last night, and by eight o'clock 'standing room only' was the sign that met the eye of the late-comer, but even that was at a premium. H. S. Cawthorne, as Barney O'Brady, the Irish schoolmaster, has the same laugh that made such a *furore* last season, and it carried the house by storm last night. Joe Cawthorne as Jakey Kumpher, and Oscar Sisson as Billy Simpkins, who are even funnier than before, received their full share of applause. Josie Sisson, as Little Nugget, bright, vivacious and charming as usual, filled her part to perfection, and her specialties were loudly encored."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Rosina Vokes,
Of funny folks,
Is easily chief of all.
She's light as the air,
She's beyond compare,
And her "art is true to Poll."

John McCullough's widow, who recently died at Philadelphia, left an estate valued at $50,000.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, by the authoress of Vagabondia, has been written into a comedy by L. V. Seebohm. The characters have undergone very little alteration, but the plot of the play differs considerably from the story of the book, whilst nearly all the situations are original.

Annie Pixley, who is one of the most successful stars on the road, would probably never have been heard from had not a telegram requesting Ada Gilmore to come on and play the part of M'liss been miscarried. No answer came to it, and in despair at getting any body, the late John McDonough took Annie Pixley instead, and the fact made her fortune.

Not long ago in Paris, in a company where they were discussing plays and playwriters, M. Dumas said, "What a lucky fellow M. Pailleron is! He has two of his pieces going on at the same theater." "How so?" "Why, 'La Souris' is acted on the stage and 'Le monde ou l'on s'ennuie' in the audience!"

Three new theaters are going up in London—one for Mr. J. C. Lancaster, to be opened with Miss Wallis in Shakesperian characters; one for Mr. W. S. Gilbert, at which he will bring out another Neilson; one for Mr. H. A. Freeman, at which he proposes to "trot on" anything good he can get worthy of his patrons.

W. S. Gilbert, coming down from a great reception, the other night, stood in a hall waiting for the servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there, a heavy swell, descending, took Gilbert for a servant in waiting, and called out to him: "Call me a four-wheeler!" Gilbert placed one glass in his contemplative right eye, and looking blandly at the swell, said: "You are a four-wheeler!" "What do you mean!" said the swell. Said Gilbert: "You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you a hansom, you know."

Miss Pearl Eytinge has had a rather unfortunate controversy with her landlady in New York. The facts of the case, in brief, are about as follows: Miss Eytinge is of a literary turn of mind, and, in the peace and quietness of Mrs. Beanis' swell boarding-house, she devoted her attention so assiduously to the writing of a drama, which she appropriately christened Two Women, that she entirely forgot her board bill, and allowed it to accumulate until it reached the sum of $102; then her stern and unsympathetic landlady ordered her from her house and retained her wardrobe and the play as security for the unpaid bill.

Mrs. Agnes Thomson.

We this week present our readers with a picture of Mrs. Agnes Thomson, a lady whose refined and artistic performances have so delighted Toronto audiences this season. Mrs. Thomson is a lady of slender, upright figure, with a bright, expressive face illumined by large, speaking eyes. Her voice is a brilliant soprano of exceedingly high range, extending to F in alt and of a deliciously soft quality united with great carrying power. Her manner on the platform is pleasant and winning, and her singing is in the highest degree artistic, free from any exaggerated effects. There is in her voice a great capability of expression, from bird-like joyousness to the depths of woe, a singular combination in one of her happy disposition. She excels in brilliant *fioriture* singing, her *repertoire* comprising the principal florid operatic gems. In ballad singing she has no equal in Canada, the sympathetic quality in her voice enabling her to give expression to all tender emotions. Her singing of the Last Rose of Summer is a wonderful instance of this power. When she sings the line, "Are faded and gone," one sees the full autumnal desolation, and one's whole sympathy goes out to the poor forlorn blossom "left blooming alone." In strong contrast to this is her mischievous Comin' Thro' the Rye, where arch yet innocent merriment seems to run riot. Personally Mrs. Thomson is a most agreeable lady, of gentle, kind and unassuming temperament, and is the ornament of a large and refined social circle in our city.

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WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Parmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SECOND REBUFF.

The parlor of the Gilbert farm house was neither large nor lofty, and the piano was about the only evidence of unusual refinement found within its cheaply-papered walls. Its centre-table was of the exact roundness of a cart-wheel, and any one sitting on the shining and slippery hair-cloth sofa and gazing at it could not help imagining that every once in a while it spun around like a top. Nestling in the wool of a couple of red and yellow mats were the family bible and a broken-backed album. The latter had been pored over by coquettish Ruth's half-score of lovers on many a Sunday night, as she sat beside them reciting the names of those whose faces shone dimly out from tintypes and yellow photographs. The hair-cloth chairs were black and springless and slippery, and suggested not only the danger of slipping off and breaking one's neck, but their thin spindle legs made it absolutely dangerous for their occupants to turn around without risingup. A representation of the Last Supper, in a rustic frame covered with pine cones and acorn shells, had the place of honor. A picture of a prim and long-necked young woman, with curls like Bologna sausage, high forehead, wide staring eyes, and mouth about the size of the button-hole of a collar, was labelled "Jane," and gazed forth from a frame covered with beech nut nickeys and fastened to a plain pine foundation which, bedaubed with glue, shone through the crevices of its covering like the skin of a mangy dog. The nickeys were pudgy female, inclined to goitre and evidently of a dropsical nature and with a broad grin, a fat nose and curly hair, was called "Joy," and made the space hideous between the margins of another rustic frame, which was ornamented with peach stones and colored beans. "Our Maud" and "Our George," pictures evidently of impossible children—one holding an apple and the other carrying in her hand an immense bouquet of posies—occupied prominent places over the piano. The woolen carpet on the floor was warm and pretty. Ruth had selected it, but Mrs Gilbert thought it was not half lively enough for a parlor, and often made that remark while she boasted that she "hed made th' frames of them pictures herself." A pair of kittens sitting on their haunches, gazing into one another's face, had the legend beneath, "Two Kittens," which, bad as was the picture, was hardly necessary to explain the subject. A rag mat, in which was a magenta dog with pink eyes and a painfully exact curl to his tail, protected the carpet near the sitting-room door, while another, having a background of black rags, hooked through canvas, made prominent the words "Ruth, 1875," in somewhat soiled yellow letters. On the little back shelf were a few volumes, which included a catechism, a Fourth and Fifth Reader, Sangster's Arithmetic, Lennie's Grammar, Cornell's Geography and Cobb's Spelling Book. A volume of Longfellow's poems, presented to Ruth by the notorious Jim Foster, Chase's Receipt Book, The Life of Peabody, Livingstone's Travels in Africa and The Autobiography of P. T. Barnum made up the catalogue of the Gilbert library, the latter works of art having been forced on Mrs. Gilbert at various times by persistent book agents.

As Ben glanced over his shoulder he could see the whole room, the six spindle-legged chairs, the narrow and high-backed sofa on which sat the Deacon, his hands clasped in his lap together, his legs extended and his chin buried deeply between the points of his unstarched collar. Ruth was sitting near the centre-table much embarrassed and turning over the leaves of the album for lack of something to say.

The Deacon was watching her from beneath his shaggy eyebrows with a look that made poor Ruth sick.

"Come over here an' sit on th' sofy, Ruth!" chirped the Deacon, patting the slippery surface beside him to indicate that she could not get too close.

"No thanks, Deacon. I'm very comfortable over here."

"Come on!" he exclaimed, coaxingly. "I won't hurt yeh!"

"Why Deacon Jones," cried Ruth, "how would it look, me sitting on the sofa beside you?"

"Why, it 'd look all right," said the Deacon, still more urgently, as he pulled his feet under him and sat on the precipitous edge of the black glacier and leaned forward with his hands extended towards Ruth.

"Oh, no it would'nt, Deacon. If mother came in she would give me an awful going-over for being so forward."

"Oh yer maw's clearin' off th' table; she won't be in." Now c-o-m-e on an' gimme a kiss," leered the Deacon, still further leaning forward and trying to catch hold of Ruth's dress.

"Why, you awful!" stammered Ruth, pushing her chair back and blushing violently.

"C-o-m-e on! come now! *do* Ruth; quit foolin'!" half whispered the deacon, his voice thick and tremulous.

Ruth thoroughly frightened and nauseated by the look in the face of her senile admirer replied with frigid haughtiness:

"Deacon Jones, if you don't behave yourself I'll leave the room!"

Ben drumming on the piano and hearing this conversation could scarce keep his seat. He began to realize how loathsome a task he had imposed on poor Ruth and pitied her from the bottom of his heart.

Rufe sitting on a stair step with his ear close to a crack in the parlor door, as he heard the Deacon's mushy and disgusting talk would have given his best span of horses if he had not led his sister into such a degrading position.

For a moment the Deacon seemed to recognize that he was making an exhibition of himself and sat up stiffly against the back of the sofa.

"Well, I don't see no use of yeh gittin' mad, Ruth. I love yeh an' wanted teh hev yeh close up teh me, but if yeh don't want teh come, of course yeh kin stay where yeh air. When yeh told me this mornin' teh meetin' teh come an' see yeh this afternoon, I supposed it was all right, an' it made me tur'ble happy. I kin tell yeh that. I've been thinkin' all th' afternoon of th' pleasant time I'd hev comin' teh see yeh. If I've thought of it once, I've thought of it a hundred times what a happy man I oughter be gittin' such a nice, han'some girl as you air. Right in th' dinner table today I told my folks I was goin' teh git married ag'in to th' finest lookin' woman hereabouts—though, of course I didn't tell them her name," ejaculated the Deacon as he saw Ruth's frightened look, "I told 'em I was goin' teh send Aunt Becky away to an asylum, or somethin' o' that sort, so's my wife wouldn't hev no trouble lookin' after no queer, crazy old critter like her. An' on th' road comin' here I jist thought I'd sell my farm off inteh town lots, sorein' an th' railway company air gittin' ready to make a big place of Appleburry, an' that you 'n me'd go an' live in some city where yeh could hev everything that yer heart could wish for, and where we'd hev no work or chores, an' nuthin' teh do but hev a good time."

This vision of marital felicity seemed to warm the Deacon's blood and destroy his self-control. Ruth, with apprehensive face, was listening to his fervid appeal, and almost jumped from her chair as she saw him again slide forwards on the sofa and reach his trembling hands towards her.

"Ruth," he cried hoarsely, "I love yeh! I never had no sich feelin' for Mariar as I do for you. There wa'n't no time I ever kissed her when I'd give sich much to hev her, body an' soul, as I'd give now teh tech yer hand. There's suthin' 'bout yeh that makes me burn all over. Yer th' loveliest lookin' woman I ever saw," cried the Deacon excitedly, "an' I'd give more fer yer little finger than I would fer everybody else in th' world, my hull family throwed in."

The widower thought this last clause would convince Ruth that he did not intend to let his family stand in the way of his conjugal happiness or divide his affections with her. Ruth, praying for her brother to come back and stop this sickening, disgusting, looked nervously at the Deacon as she answered:

"You wouldn't put Aunt Becky in the poor house, and turn your family out of the place they were born in, for the sake of me, would you?"

"Yes, I would; I'd a'most give up my hope of heaven fer yeh; an' besides I don't owe my family fer nuthin'. They hain't been any too good teh me, now I kin tell yeh. They kin all git out an' do fer theirselves jist as I did. They're growed up teh hev a heap sight better start than I had at their age. If yeh will take me, I'll give yeh every cent I've got—only kinder keepin' a sort of life lease on it fer myself—so yeh needn't be skeerd anybody 'll ever come a twist you'n me.

"Don't you think that would be cruel, Deacon?" said Ruth, whose eyes could scarce conceal her contempt.

"Cruel! Cruel nuthin'! People hev' got teh think of theirselves in this world or nobody'll think of 'em. I've done my duty by my family an' now they're old enough teh look out for theirselves an' there aint nuthin' cruel 'bout makin' 'em do it. I've worked hard enough fer what I got. Our Maud I'd passed of fer growed-up children hangin' 'round me doin' nuthin. I'm gunto have a good time from this out an I want teh hev' yeh enjoy it with me, Ruth," he said, coaxingly, with what he considered a very fascinating smile, which consisted mostly of a display of his yellow teeth and the vacancies where teeth had once been.

Ruth was watching him curiously and her next question indicated that she had made up her mind to have a serious talk with the old man.

"Would you really send Aunt Becky away to an asylum?"

"Jist as sure's I'm a livin' man," exclaimed the Deacon earnestly, bringing his hand down with sounding force on the seat of the sofa from which rose a little cloud of dust.

"I'm afraid you are only talking, Deacon! If you really think she is a nuisance why didn't you send her away while your first wife was alive?"

"Bik cause—bik-cause she wa'n't as bad then as she is now an' Mariar was used teh her ways an' teh hevin' her 'round, but of course I couldn't expect teh hev you bothered ith any dotty old critter like her."

"But maybe you wouldn't do it when it came to the pinch?"

"I hope I may never draw another breath if I don't send her away th' very day we're married!" vowed the Deacon, rolling up his eyes and raising his hand.

"But would'n't people talk if you did that for me and didn't do it for your first wife? Everyone knows what a terrible burden and nuisance she's been for the last twenty years."

"Well, let 'em talk! I don't keer nuthin' for what they say. Talk never killed nobody, and you an' me kin go an' live in some city where there won't be no talkin' 'bout sich frivling things as that."

"But how about Hiram and Lou and Bess—and Will, who has always expected to get the farm and has stayed with you and worked like a slave? How would it look for you to throw them over without giving them a cent, for the sake of marrying me?"

"Look! look! Why, what do I keer how it looks; I don't care nuthin' 'bout looks! All I want is you, Ruth. *Your* looks is all the looks I keer for!"

The Deacon, half puzzled by Ruth's manner, but thinking that she wanted a definite agreement before she yielded, felt encouraged, and, throwing out his feet and reaching under the front of the sofa with his hands, he jerked it towards her. She did not move, but her steady eyes were fixed on his excited face, and at a moment's warning she was prepared to fly from the room.

"But would it be right, Deacon? Don't you think something is coming to them after what they've done? Don't you think the years of toil that they have put in on the farm trying to rake and scrape a few dollars together ought to yield them some share?"

"N-o-o Ruth, you're jist tryin' teh sound me! I know what yer after, yeh little pussy! Yer jist tryin' to find out if I wouldn't be scared teh marry yeh as well as I promised yeh."

The Deacon again slid forward on the sofa and getting as near her as possible endeavored to seize her hand. She gave her chair a push backwards, but taking no further notice of his advances continued her questions.

"Do you think it would be right? I'm not asking because I'm afraid you'll be too generous to your family, but to know whether you think it would be Christian-like?"

"O, pshaw! Ruth; how yeh talk!" laughed the Deacon, uneasily. "Of course it 'ud be right, but whatter yeh sermonizing fer! Leave thet tea me. I kin do enough of it on a Sunday teh last teh hold me fer a hull week. If I love yeh, an' want teh marry yeh, of course I expect teh look after yer futur', an' I can't do that 'thout sellin' my property on yeh, an' there haint no reason why I should give it to a lot of ungrateful an' good-fer-nuthin' young ones an' yeh myself an' you."

The look in the Deacon's lustful face was absolutely repulsive, and unable to endure it Ruth averted her eyes while her too impetuous admirer slowly moistened his blue and crackling lips with his tongue.

"Ruth," he exclaimed, in a shrill whisper, "I love yeh; will yeh be mine—all mine?"

"Hush," she answered with downcast eyes, "that man over at the piano will hear you!"

"What if he does? I answered the Deacon recklessly. "The Dutchman hasn't understand a word we say an' don't know but what we're married now. Kiss me, dearie!" As he spoke he sprang up and caught her in his arms. With a sharp cry she tried to push him from her but he grasped her too firmly.

"Kiss me," he muttered, half choked with excitement and trying to force his wrinkled face against her blushing cheek.

"Let me go!" she cried, hysterically. "Let me go this minute!—If you don't, I'll scream! Let me go, I say!" and with a desperate effort she released one of her arms, and with her hand in his face he almost shoved him backwards. But he still clung to her, reiterating, "I won't let yeh go till yeh gimme a kiss."

The drumming on the piano had almost ceased, and there was no more music in it. Enraged by his father's conduct Ben could no longer continue playing, though his fingers ran excitedly over the keys, and with his face half turned towards them he watched the struggle.

The knob of the door leading into the hall was sharply turned but Ruth restrained himself, hoping that Ben would at once give a signal for a stop to be put to the Deacon's courtship.

Ruth could endure no more, and as she could not shove the disgusting face from her, she struck the Deacon with all her might squarely on one of his eyes. She had plenty of strength in her shapely arms and the blow half-staggered the amorous old man and before he could recover himself Ruth had freed herself from his grasp.

"How dare you touch me, you old beast! If I wasn't afraid my brother would kill you I'd scream for help and tell him how you insulted me," panted poor Ruth, her eyes flashing and her hands clenched.

"What—whaddye mean?" stammered the Deacon sullenly.

"I mean that if you ever lay your dirty hands on me again I'll have Rufe horsewhip you clear home."

"Then yeh haint gunto marry me?" he demanded angrily.

"Marry you! marry you! I'd sooner be in my grave than have you as near me again as you've been to-night," she retorted contemptuously and turned to leave the room.

He sprang between her and the door, in his pale eyes the red gleam of an almost murderous fury.

"Don't yeh go out there and tell yer mother! I don't want no row raised 'bout me. I didn't do yeh no harm. I guess it ain't the first time a man's tried teh kiss yeh nuther, even if they haint gone no furder."

Ruth, feeling that she hadn't been altogether blameless, quailed for an instant before the old man's furious look, but the innuendo in his words and the tone in which they were uttered roused in her old spirit.

"Be careful," said she, warningly, "and don't insult me worse, or Rufe will break every bone in your miserable old body."

"I hain't scared of Rufe ner nobody else, nor I hain't gunto be made a fool of by no sich woman as you," hissed the Deacon, throwing caution to the winds, "much as I'd ought teh knowed better 'n teh hev come teh see a thing thet's run th' road with every dirty black-leg thet's disgraced th' neighborhood."

Ruth's face paled and her eyes blazed. Without another word she rushed for the door, but the Deacon intercepted her.

"I'm goin' now, so don't kick up no rumpus. I jist wanted teh tell yeh what I think ev yeh. Yeh brought me here teh make game ev me—"

"Yes," cried a deep voice behind him, "that is what you were brought here for!"

The Deacon, with one nervous movement, turned sharply around and staggered back. The startled Ben Jones, who, unable to endure the scene any longer, had sprung from the piano stool, jerking off his blonde wig, confronted his father.

"Yes, that is what you were brought here for. I wanted to sound the deepest depths of your infamous old heart, and I now know that I have for my father the vilest, most cowardly and contemptible old wretch that God lets live!"

The trembling Deacon leaned against the wall, first clasping his hands before him, then dropping them and closing and unclosing them, and beginning to button his coat, and then putting his hands behind him and again clasping them in front of him—the picture of a cringing coward and unmasked hypocrite.

"Sometimes," continued Ben, his eyes blazing in his father's face," I wondered if I had been to blame in making mother's life unhappy, and I wanted to know if there had ever been a spark of love in your filthy old heart for the life you have sneered at to-night while trying to win another. I know now. I have made no mistake, and all I am sorry for is that I have let Ruth be inflicted by such a beast as you."

"Perhaps," sneered the Deacon, "if she hadn't knowed yeh was in th' room, I wouldn't have had sich much trouble tryin' teh kiss her."

This shaft pierced poor Ruth's heart. Overcome by the excitement of her struggle with the Deacon, and the knowledge that the man she cared most for had witnessed it all, she clasped her fair hands together and raised her beautiful eyes with a piteously appealing look at him.

At that moment Rufe, unable to bear the suspense any longer, and without waiting till the Deacon began reviling his sister, and retaining to enter through the hall door by which he had been listening, entered the room from the kitchen, and, seeing his sister's pitiful look and trembling attitude, threw his arm around her lest she might fall.

"What's that th' old sneak 's bin sayin'," he demanded.

"Nothing," retorted Ben, who feared a serious scene. "The old scoundrel is trying to clear himself by making remarks about other people. Then turning to his father he said:

"Your slanderous tongue can harm no one here. Begone, before Ruth's brother does what I would do if I were not your son—kick you off the place."

Mrs. Gilbert, having concluded her dishwashing, which, in her eyes, had always been more important than the enaperoning of her daughter, had joined the pleasant little party in the parlor.

"Why, gracious alive, what's come to yeh Ruth? Yeh look as if yeh was goin' teh hev a faintin' spell. An' the Deacon, too. Why, what's th' matter with yeh, Deacon? Why, bless my heart to goodness gracious yeh look as if yeh hed jist bin gettin' a lickin' or heard that yer hull lost yer farm." Glancing up she saw Ben Jones in his queer garb.

"Why, law bless my soul to goodness-gracious-mercy-me-alive! If thet ain't Ben Jones, jist as if he had just come in from the farm, though not dead nuther—with those clothes on. Why, where did yeh git them short-legged pants? Them's th' tur'ble clothes I ever see.

"He was acting a Dutchman and playing the piano and watching his father making love to Ruth," explained Rufe.

"Makin' love to our Ruth. Well, I do declare; if that isn't the worst *I ever* heard—that old critter makin' love to our Ruth. If I hed known that I would hev kicked him off th' farm afore he ever got his horse unhitched."

The Deacon was still leaning against the wall closing and unclosing his hands, fidgeting them and buttoning and unbuttoning his coat and wondering whether his exit would be accompanied by any violence from Rufus.

"Adoniram Jones, I'll never ask you father again. Get out! If you stay much longer the chances are you won't get away with a whole skin. Go!

Ben's gestures and the belief that his departure, unaccompanied by any further discussion, was advisable, started the Deacon homeward. He pulled his hat and coat from a hook on the kitchen wall, and without waiting to put either of them on or say good night he bolted from the back door towards the barn. Ten minutes later, while the light in the parlor was still burning and Ben was trying to convince Ruth that she hadn't acted any lowbile and disgraceful part, the Deacon was driving homewards and filling the air with "curses not loud, but deep."

(To be Continued.)

Making an Afternoon Call With Tommy.

As a reward for having been a good boy for nearly an hour Mrs. Whyte took her little son Tommy with her the other afternoon when she went to return a call she had long owed Mrs. Greene.

Mrs. Greene had a little boy of about Tommy's age, but he was by no means a boy so fertile in expedients when it came to getting mischief and making other people miserable.

Little Hal Greene was out when the callers first arrived. Mrs. Whyte said:

"Oh, Mrs. Greene, I'm very glad to see you. I have intended calling this long time, but really could not sooner. I hope you'll excuse me for bringing my little Tommy with me. He—"

"Why, certainly," cries Mrs. Greene, "I'm delighted to see you both. It seems so much less formal to have you just run in this way with your little boy. How do you do, my little man?"

"Shake hands with the lady, Tommy."

"Don't want to," says Tommy, hanging back.

"Why, Tommy, I am ashamed of you. Go and speak to the lady."

"I don't want to."

"You're not afraid of me, are you, my dear?" asks Mrs. Greene. "I like little boys. Hal will be in presently, and you can play with him."

"And he'll shake hands with me, I know," said Mrs. Whyte. "Mamma never'll take you any place again; now sit still. How do you do this winter, Mrs. Greene? I heard that—Tommy, let that book alone."

"He won't hurt the book. I'm quite well and—be careful, little boy, that small table upsets easily."

"Tommy! Go away from that table. Yes, I heard that you had been quite ill, and—Tommy, Tommy, put that vase down."

"I was sick, but—I wouldn't rock so far back in that chair, little boy; it tips over easily."

"Tommy, get out of that chair! Yes I knew that you—Tommy, stop drumming on that piano."

"Yes, I was afraid at first that—I wouldn't try to close that screen, my dear; it will fall on you."

"Why, Tommy, what are you doing? Don't touch that screen again. Mamma is so ashamed of you! Did you really have a touch of typhoid fever? I heard—Tommy Whyte, what are you doing pulling that table drawer out? Let it alone. I had typhoid fever once, and—Tommy Whyte, what do you mean by standing on that plush chair with your dirty boots? Get right down. There! over goes the chair. I declare I was saying, Mrs. Greene, when I was sick I—don't whirl around so on that piano stool, Tommy."

Master Hal here appears and the fun begins in earnest. These Modoc-like performances bring the call to a speedy termination, and the ladies part, each agreeing that the other's boy is the "very worst youngster that ever lived and breathed."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Chance Meeting.

How shall I look at him, how shall I meet him?
Can I be dignified, can I be cold?
What shall the words be wherewith I shall greet him?
Has he forgotten the sweet days of old?

Not for the bliss that was mine for a season,
Not for the wealth that the wide world contains,
Would I allow him to guess at the reason
Why one weak woman unwedded remains.

How can I look at him, how can I hear him
Speaking words commonplace, civil and few?
How still my heart's beating when I draw near him!
How my emotions completely subdue!

Why has my lot on earth this heavy sorrow?
Why has my life been so lonely and drear?
Why must I wearily dread each to-morrow,
Tiring so quickly of each passing year?

One woman's heart-ache is not worth the measuring—
One woman's sorrow is pitiably small—
One woman's happiness not worth the treasuring
One woman's heart is not thought of at all!

C. W. WILLIS.

Absent-mindedness Corrected.

Mrs. Leveile—You're sure you're in rondition again. Last Tuesday, you had a very distinguing time at the Laurences' Son's meeting last night.

Mr. Leveile—I'm steady as a rock, Mrs. Leveile. If you think I'm weak enough to let one quiet evening floor me, perhaps you'd better come along and take care of me!

Mrs. Leveile—Oh, we'll come along. By the way, don't you think your hat will be more comfortable than that lamp shade?

Comparisons are Odious.

In court.

"Your honor," exclaimed a lawyer in the heat of argument, "if you knew the plaintiff as I know him, you would admit that a more vicious, more grossly ignorant, vainer, more intolerant man does not breathe."

The Judge (severely)—Mr. B., you forget—yourself.

He Was Dissipated.

In the chemical laboratory: "Professor, what has become of Tom Appleton? Wasn't he studying with the class last year?"

"Ah, yes; Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absorbed in the use of chemicals—very. That discoloration on the ceiling. . . . Notice it?"

"Yes."

"That's him."

The Height of Impudence.

"Go away!" snapped out a man who had been accosted by a fellow for the loan of a quarter. "I don't know you."

"Well," returned the medicant, "I can't help your ignorance, sir."

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THE MAIL now occupies the foremost place in Canadian journalism.—"Halton News."

Among the marvels of journalism, its prosperity cannot be questioned, and it is a pleasure to say it deserves it.—"Utica (N.Y.) Herald."

THE MAIL, TORONTO, CANADA

VAGABONDIA:

A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Moaning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

It would scarcely have been human nature for Dolly not to have fired a little then, in spite of herself. She was constitutionally good-natured, but she was not seraphic, and her lover's rather excusable jealousy was specially hard to bear, when, as upon this occasion, it had no real foundation.

"I did not think it necessary," she said, "and, besides, I forgot, but it you wish to know the particulars, with a stiff little air of dignity, "I can give them to you. Mr. Gowan was there, and found the evening stupid, as every one else did. There was no one else to talk to, so he talked to me, and when I came home he put me into the cab. And, the fact is, he is a good-natured Philistine enough. That is all, I believe, unless you would like me to try recall all he said."

"No, thank you," answered Griffith, and instantly began to torture himself with imagining what he really had said, making the very natural mistake of imagining what he would have said himself, and then giving Ralph Gowan credit for having perpetrated like tender gallantries. He never could divest himself of the idea that every living man found Dolly as entrancing as he found her himself, which was an absurd but affectionate weakness enough. It could only be one man's bitter-sweet portion to be as desperately and inconsolably in love with her as he was himself, and that other man himself, or a man who might be his exact prototype, could have cherished a love at once so strong and so weak. There had been other men who had loved Dolly Crewe—adored her for a while, in fact, and imagined themselves wretches because they had been unsuccessful. But they had generally outlived their sorrow and their adoration cooling for want of sustenance had usually settled down into a comfortable, admiring liking for the cause of their misery; but it would never have been so with Griffith. This ordinary, hard-working, ill-paid young man had passionate impulse and hidden power of suffering enough in his nature to make a broken hope a broken life to him. His long-cherished love for the shabbily-attired, dowdy-subdued, dauntless young priest Dorothea Crewe was the mainspring of his existence. He would have done daring deeds of valor for her sake, if circumstances had called upon him to comport himself in such tragic manner; had he been a knight of olden time, he would just have been the chivalrous, indiscreet, ill-regulated, hot-headed but passionate young man to have entered the lists in his love's behalf, and tilted against tremendous odds, and died unvanquished; but living in the nineteenth century, his impetuosity being necessarily restrained, became concentrated upon one point, and chafed him terribly at times. Without Dolly, he would have been without an object in life; with Dolly, he was willing to face any amount of discouragement and misfortune; and at this stage of his reflection—after years of belief in that far-off blissful future—to lose her would have brought him wreck and ruin.

So when Dolly, in the full consciousness of present freedom from iniquity, withdrew herself from his encircling arm and turned her attention to Tod and Mollie, he was the most wretched than he had any right to be, and stood watching them, and gnawing his slender moustache, gloomy and distrustful.

But this could not last long, of course; brevity was the chief characteristic of their little differences. They might quarrel, but they always made friends; and when the next time, Mollie doubtless feeling herself a trifle in the way, left the room with the child, Dolly's impulsive warm-heartedness was the matter of her upon this occasion as upon all others.

She came back to her lover's side, and laid a nice little hand on his arm.

"Don't let us quarrel about Ralph Gowan, Griffith," she said. "It was my fault; I ought to have told you."

He fairly crushed her in his impetuous, remorseful embrace, almost before she had finished her appeal. His distrust of her was as easily overcome as it was groundless. The sound of her hand, one suspicion of a tremor in her voice, always conquered him and reduced him to penitent submission.

"You are an angel," he said, "and I am an unfeeling clod. No other woman would bear with me as you do. God bless you, Dolly."

She nestled within his arms with a pretty, natural way, and took his caresses almost gratefully. Perhaps it would have been wiser to have shown him how deep a sting his want of faith gave her sometimes, but she was always so glad when their misunderstandings were at an end, that she would not have so revenged herself upon him for the world. The cool, serene, audacious self she exhibited in the camps of the Philistines was never shown to Griffith; in her intercourse with him she was only a slightly intensified edition of the child he had fallen in love with years before—a bright, quick-witted child, with a deep nature and an immense faculty for loving and clinging to people. Dolly at twenty was pretty much what she had been at fifteen, when they had quarrelled and made up again, loved each other and romanced over the future brilliancy of prospect which now seemed just as far off as ever.

In five minutes after the clearing away of the temporary cloud, they were in a seventh heaven of bliss, as usual. In some of his wanderings about town, Griffith had met with a modest house which would have been the very thing for them if they had possessed about double the income of which they were at present in receipt. He often met with houses of this kind; they seemed, in fact, to present themselves to his longing vision every week of his life; and I think it rather to his credit to mention that he never failed to describe them to Dolly, and enlarge upon their merits with much eloquence. Furniture warehouses also were a source of some simple pleasure to them. If they possessed the income (not that they had the remotest prospect of possessing it), and rented the house, naturally they would require furniture, and it was encouraging to know that the necessary articles might be bought if the money was forthcoming. Consequently a low-priced table or a cheap sofa was a consolation, if not a source of rejoicing, and their happiest hours were spent in counting the cost of junior carpets never to be purchased, and window-curtains of thin air. They even economized sternly in minor matters, and debated the expenditure of an extra shilling or sixpence as if it had been a matter entailing the deepest anxiety; and on the whole, perhaps, practical persons might have condemned their affectionate, hopeful weakness as childish and nonsensical, but they were happy in the indulgence of it at all events, and surely they might have been engaged in a less tender and more worldly pastime. There were other people, perhaps, weak and imprudent themselves it may be, who would have seen a touch of simple pathos in this unconsciously shown faith in fortune and her not too kindly moods.

"Old Flynn ought to raise my salary, you know, Dolly," said Griffith. "I work hard enough for him, confound him!" somewhat irrelevantly, but with laudable and unmistakable vigor. He meant no harm to "old Flynn;" he would have done a good-natured thing for him at any moment, the mild expletive was simply the result of adopted custom. "There isn't a fellow in the place who does as much as I do. I worked from seven in the morning till midnight every day last week, and I wrote half his editorials for him, and nobody knows he doesn't get them up himself. If he would only give me two hundred instead of one, just see how we could live."

"We could live on a hundred and fifty," put in Dolly, with an air of practical speculation which did her credit, "if we were economical."

"Well, say a hundred and fifty, then," returned Griffith, quite as seriously, "for we should be economical. Say a hundred and fifty. It would be nothing to him—confound him—but it would be everything to us. The world to us. That house in the suburbs was only thirty pounds, taxes and all, and it was just the very thing we should want if we were married."

"How many rooms?" asked Dolly.

"Six, and kitchen and cupboards and those sort of contrivances. I asked particularly—went to see the landlord to inquire and see what repairing he would do if we wanted the place. There is a garden of a few yards in the front, too, and one or two rose-bushes. I don't know whether they ever bloom, but if they do, you could wear them in your hair. I thought of that the moment I saw them. The first time I saw you, Dolly, you had a rose in your hair, and I remember thinking I had never seen a flower worn in the same way. Other girls don't wear things as you wear them, somehow or other."

Dolly acknowledged the compliment with a laugh and a coaxing patronizing little squeeze of his arm.

"You think they don't," she said, "you affectionate old fellow, that is it. Well, and what did the landlord say? Would he beautify?"

"Well, yes, I think he would if the matter was pressed," said Griffith, returning to the subject with a vigor of enjoyment inspiring to behold. "And, by the way, Dolly, I saw a small sofa at a place in town which was just the right size to fit into a sort of alcove there is in the front parlor."

"Did you inquire the price?" said Dolly.

"Well—no," cheerfully, "but I can, if you would like to know it. You see, I hadn't any money, and didn't know when I should have any, and the fact was I felt rather discouraged at the time, and I had an idea the price would make me feel worse, so I did not go in. But it was a comfortable, plump little affair, covered with green—the sort of a thing I should like to see in our house, when we have one, and would be so comfortable to throw one's self down on to after a hard day's work, particularly if one had a headache."

"Yes," said Dolly, and half unconsciously and quite in spite of herself, the ghost of a sigh escaped her. She could not help thinking this was a trifle more real sometimes, bright and whimsically unworldly as she was.

"What did that mean?" Griffith asked her.

She wakened up, as it were, and looked as happy as ever in an instant, creeping a trifle closer to him in her loving anxiety to blind him to the presence of the odd, little pain in her heart.

"Nothing," she said, briskly. And then—"We don't want much, do we, Griffith?"

"No," said Griffith, a certain grim sense of humor getting the better of him. "And we haven't got it."

She laughed outright at the joke quite enjoyably. Even the grimmest of jocosities wins its measure of respect in Vagabondia, and besides, her laugh removed the impression her sigh might have created. She was herself again at once.

"Never mind," she said. "It was always worth nothing, at its worst, and I

Toronto Dogs at New York.

The Westminster kennel club's show of A. D. 1888, will long be remembered in this city. The entries reached the enormous number of 1178, not counting several litters of pups of tender age, thus breaking the American record to date. The quality was truly wonderful, and has never been surpassed in this world, except at some of the largest English shows, for nearly every breed of dogs had several champions as its representatives, recognized as such on both sides of the Atlantic. The names of Mustang, Duke of Leeds, Leila, Memnon, Naso of Kippen, Rockingham and Cora of Wetherall may serve as specimen bricks. They are household words in the mouths of dog-lovers, and to record their winnings would fill a volume. But Torontonians will cherish the memory of this magnificent show chiefly for the unprecedented success of the exhibits sent out from their own town, and above all of two hitherto unheard of dogs—not "imported" with a long list of firsts and cups attached to their names, but home-bred and raised in their midst.

To the visitor of our Toronto shows of 1884 and 1885, many well-beloved faces would be visible on entering the Madison square Gardens on the morning of February 21st. Prominent among the throng towers the good humored visage of Mr. Chas. Mason, with eyes keenly roving in search of possible favoritism or fraud. The best judge of a dog to-day in America, he does not confine his attention to the cause of the dumb (?) favorite, but is ever ready to raise his voice in behalf of their masters. The many friends whom Mr. Mason secured during his visits to Toronto shows will be glad to hear that he is still as bright, genial, and untiring as ever. Mr. Huntington, proud in the purchase of Memnon (from Mr. Kent of Front street), roves about with his hands in his pockets and the everlasting "plug" on the back of his head; but, oh! it was brought straight to the front when Lancashire Witch was beaten by Mother Denedike. And Mr. Davidson of Michigan, "Honest John," twice officiating judge in this city at the Dominion kennel club's shows, how could he do it? Mr. Windholz, rivalling friend Huntington in the gloominess of his plug, inquires when we are going to have another show in Toronto, and promises to bring up Rock and Cora when such shall be the case. Mr. Mortimer, the superintendent, gives us all a warm greeting, which is heartily returned, and there is just time to get doggies comfortably housed when the judging begins.

A long space is railed off down the center of the gardens and divided into four rings. Mr. Taunton and Mr. Astley of England occupy two, Mr. Davidson a third, and the fourth is filled by the first lady judge in America, Miss Anna Whitney, a regular and esteemed exhibitor in Toronto. There were many Canadian competitors in the different rings, and, without exception, all were fairly successful; but to detail the honors of Montreal, Ottawa, Simcoe, Woodstock, Winnipeg, etc., were long to tell. Let us watch the appearance of the Torontonians. Mr. Astley is opening the ball with Smooth Fox Terriers. Here the quality is super-excellent. In champions the well-known Richmond Olive can get no higher than second, no less than three English champions competing. Dogs also form a grand class, and the ordinary American show specimen is clearly out of it from the first. In open Bitches the first Toronto exhibit comes on the stage. This is Mr. Wm. Scully's pretty little Vexation, and rare cheek it is for a seven months' puppy to appear against the formidable array of colored beauties now under sentence. Rachel, once the best in England, scores first, and Ethel, fresh from her first and two cups at the Jubilee show, can only reach second. In such company it is a big honor for Vexation to obtain the "commended" card. She appears again in Novices and Puppies, and each time repeats the performance. This is a good start for the Queen City, and we hail it as an omen. Mr. Wilmerding has now replaced Miss Whitney, and we turn to the Cocker classes. In the open Dogs, the blue ribbon is handed, after mature deliberation, to Von Obo, and Mr. John Wilson is promptly notified by wire that he has beaten the grown dogs, the heroes of many show-rings of America and Canada, with a six months old pup. Our hats go up for old Toronto. Another townsman, Mr. Jas. Suckwell, scores the V. H. C., with Black Duke, and ditto in the Bitch class with Black Duchess. In "Other than Black and Liver," Mr. Luckwell pulverizes all opposition, winning first and second with Silver King and Romeo, and first with Juliet. Cocker Puppies are now brought in, and it is a foregone conclusion that an easy win awaits Mr. Wilson with Von Obo; he also gets third with Graf Obo, while Black Duchess walks of with the H. C. honors. The peculiarly gratifying circumstance in the Cocker win is that all are Toronto bred dogs. A great deal of honor is to be paid to Mr. Geo. Bell (of the Walker House) for the excellent condition in which all the dogs under his care are shown, contributing not a little to make victory secure.

It is now time to return to Mr. Astley, and we arrive just as the Wire-hairs are led in. In champions Mr. Bell beats the hitherto invincible Tyke, champion of England and America, with Bristles. In open dogs his Broxton Tantrums whips all rivals, and draws forth warm commendations from the judge. It is worthy of note that Tantrums was bred by Mr. R. W. Dean of Oakville, and that these are the only two first prize-winners bred in America in the grown classes in all this aristocratic assemblage. In Irish terriers Mr. Wm. Scully has hard luck with Victor, third prize, as he should clearly have won, and this is one of the very few errors credited to Mr. Astley in all his arduous task of two days' judging. The same exhibitor runs Bred and Tiny close with Poppy III., his last importation, who scores second. In Dandies Mr. Geo. Bell adds another honor with Lady Wallace, second; and in Bedlingtons, Mr. Jackson walks off with first with Domino, beating his old possession Sentinel and his new rival Tees Rock. It may be noticed that the third prize Bedlington, Elswick Sue, is also bred in the college kennels, and was formerly owned by Mr. McFarren of Queen street east.

Though such a list of prizes is extremely gratifying, yet Toronto has not yet put forth all her might. The Terra-Cotta kennels sent no greyhounds; Mr. Charlesworth no cockers, though both the champions and others were purchased from his kennels. We have pugs, black and tans, spaniels, etc., yet in reserve, which would have had easy wins even in this company. Several of our old exhibitors have dropped out of the ranks, but others fill their places. Our American cousins, who have turned a goodly amount of their wonderful energy into the breeding of dogs, gaze with envy upon our success, and listen with some incredulity to the statement that dogs are not very popular in Toronto.

Before turning our backs on the W. K. C. show, the excellent arrangement of all details, the kindness of the officials—especially Mr. Jas. Mortimer; and the immense attendance may be briefly alluded to. On the 22nd over 10,000 paid $1 and 50c. apiece to visit the Gardens. Every evening the alleys were thronged with men in evening dress and ladies whose charms were scantily concealed by dainty wraps. Long lines of private carriages reach past the Broadway and Square entrances. The sounds of "Mr. Smith's hansom," "Mrs. Jones' brougham," come faintly through the folding-doors and mingle with the deep baying of the bloodhounds and the truculent snap of the terriers. We say adieu with regret, and form resolutions to revisit the gardens in '89 and do our best to continue the reputation of Toronto dogs abroad.

OLD RUG.

Book Chat.

Henry George is said to be worth $80,000.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth has written seventy-one novels, and is still at it.

When Daniel Webster was a boy he found in a neighboring town a pocket handkerchief upon which something was printed. He had only a quarter of a dollar, which was the price of the handkerchief, and he bought it. Late that evening, by the light of the kitchen fire, he sat reading, studying, committing to memory, the matter printed on the handkerchief. What do you think it was? It was the Constitution of the United States! This was the first time he had read the great charter of a people's liberties, of which he was years afterward the most able defender and expounder of his time.

The childhood of Dickens was so shadowed by poverty, and his sensitive and imaginative mind was so keenly alive to his position, that it was hardly possible that he could draw an absolutely impartial picture of his parents. His mother had a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, and likewise considerable dramatic talent. She was a comely little woman, with handsome, bright eyes, and a genial, agreeable person. From her Dickens undoubtedly inherited his temperament and intellectual gifts. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something astonishing. Her perception was quick, and she unconsciously noted everything that came under her observation. In describing ridiculous occurrences her tone and gesture would be inimitable, while her manner was of the quaintest. Dickens declared that to her he owed his first desire for knowledge, and his earliest passion for reading was awakened by his mother, who taught him not only the rudiments of English, but also a little of Latin. Poverty saddened and darkened many years of her life, and her children were compelled to leave her and earn their own living, but they all honored and loved her as she deserved.—*Woman's Argosy.*

The Dinner Table.

The question of decorations for the dinner table is one that has caused no little anxiety to many a host and fair hostess, who have invited a select company of friends to dinner. Not only should the silver and china be of the best, and the glassware of the daintiest patterns, but the decorations must be something unique; and it is in this department that the resources of the private conservatory, or of the florist, must be relied upon. A certain quantity of flowers, well selected and artistically arranged, will set off a table as no other decorations will. The Right Hon. Mr. Chamberlain has been a generous host during the past winter in Washington, as the bills criticised by Labouchere show, and the numerous dinners he has given to gentlemen at his hotel have been models of gastronomic excellence. He arranged the menu and selected the wines and flowers himself. They always cost $25 per plate, and he never had less than twelve or fifteen guests. We have few in Canada who can afford to be thus lavish in the use of flowers, but all who can give dinners at all can give such attention to table decorations as to impress the guests with the conviction that the host has done all that it was possible to do to provide a table creditable to himself and worthy of his guests.

A novel idea for the centre of a table consists of a net made in gold or silver cord, the edge being finished off with tiny tassels all round. The effect is very light and pretty, and quite worth reviving our grandmothers' favorite accomplishment for.

The fashion of restricting decorations to one color is not yet gone by, but there is a want of originality about it, which, now that the first novelty is past, will most probably soon make it a thing of the past, for anyone with artistic taste and a good eye for color must prefer contemplating something less monotonous during a long dinner.

Spring flowers are becoming plentiful in the shops, and so reasonable in price that the most economical of housekeepers can make her table a thing of beauty at small cost.

There are many novelties in the way of foreign china to be seen now, and some of the centre-pieces, with delicately-tinted branching stems supporting little open baskets, make one long to fill them with flowers and bonbons, which they would show off to perfection.

If lamps are to be used, they certainly must be shaded with lace, and the one particular yellow silk which renders the light soft and glowing, and does not give everything a jaundiced hue.

But a very fine effect is also provided by using instead of lamps, candles in tall candlesticks with the pretty new fairy lights placed at intervals between them.

A handsome arrangement for a large dinner is made by selecting nothing but brass vases, etc., to contain the flowers. Of course gold plate is far more beautiful; but the effect of Benares or repousse brass is really gorgeous when the foliage and flowers are well chosen. Take, for instance, the rich, velvety blossoms of the common purple iris, and combine with them some of the rarer kinds, which rival orchids in beauty. There are deep browns, clarets, maroons, and blue-black shades, which are almost unsurpassable.

At a large dinner recently there was no center of plush or brocade; but the dark oak table, shining like a mirror, merely had narrow, laced-edged slips of embroidered damask laid round it. The lace was made on the pillow in deep reds and blues, and the embroidery matched, as did also the dinner napkins. The china was Crown Derby, and the guests were all delighted with the general effect.

Another new, but rather odd, table was arranged with a tiger-skin for a center-piece, on which curious hunting trophies, such as tusks and horns, mounted in silver, held flowers. The lamps were all birds or animals shot by the host, who is a noted sportsman, and has a house full of stuffed beasts and other curious reminiscences of his prowess.

Interior Decorations—Simple Treatment of a Doorway.
BY R. Y. BARROWS.

Interior Decorations.

A series of sketches of interior decorations is begun in this number. There are many handsomely decorated houses in Toronto, while many others are either fixed up as if ugliness and bad taste were the design of the owner, or are almost barren of decorations. It costs but little to tastily decorate an ordinary room and make it look beautiful. Costly woods and expensive curtains are not necessary to beauty. Such a doorway as is shown in our illustration can be made of pine, care being taken that there are no knots in it so that when stained in cherry or mahogany there will be no black spots. A tasty cabinetmaker can produce it at small cost. The fringes above the shelves, the portiere and all the little ornaments can readily be made by a tasty housekeeper. In a small room it is sometimes very difficult to find a place for a bookcase, and as a rule they are not handsome and are rather in the way of decorations. Moreover, there is always a bunty look about the ordinary doorway, which in a boudoir or study is apt to appear as a place simply to get in and out. A portiere alone will not relieve it of this appearance, but the sketch shows plainly how it can be done. A glimpse is given, too, of a very pretty style of papering, and how to hang pictures without making them look stiff. Even those living in rented houses can afford such decorations as these. As the ornament can be moved, it does not make much difference whether they exactly fit the top of the door or not.

Next week we will give something a little more elaborate in the same style.

Titled Americans.

A New York society paper gives the following list which shows how Yankee girls jump at titles. The line of American ladies who are titled through marriage with English husbands is pretty formidable just now, and continues to increase at a lively rate. Lady Mandeville, Lady Anglesey, Lady Churchill, Lady Algernon, Lady Steele, Lady Grantley and Lady Hasketh represent several States in the Union from New York to San Francisco, and from New Orleans to Maryland. The country families are also getting well mixed up with American blood. The Hon. Mrs. Plunkett, the Hon. Mrs. Carrington, Mrs. George Cavendish Bentinck, and a host of minor lights might be mentioned, all of whom are American. To add to these is another American girl who has joined the French nobility. Miss Mary O'Donnell was married at St. Matthew's Church in Washington, on Wednesday to the Vicomte de la Bassetiere. The new Vicomtesse is the great, great granddaughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and in whom his descendants take much pride, her mother having been Miss Carroll, a sister of ex-Governor Carroll of Maryland. In this list the thousand and one silly, rich girls who have wedded bogus counts and ten-cent princes is not given.

Only a Tiny Flower.

Only a 'tiny knot of flowers,
All fresh and green and fragrant yet,
My fair queen plucked them from her bow'rs,
Still shining with the dewdrops wet.
Love's message sweet they came to me,
And round me wove a nameless spell
That seemed to waft me dreamily
Back to those days we loved so well.

Glad mem'ries from those dear dead hours
O'er my sad heart sweep tenderly
As in my hand I hold the flowers
My fair, fond queen hath sent to me.
Once more forgotten paths I tread
Beneath the glamour of the skies
Of happy summers long since dead,
Made sweet by love's deep, tender ties

I seem to see her face again
As in the dreamy long ago
Whenever, side by side, we twain
Walked 'neath the shadows to and fro
Adown the wide and sunlit street.
How oft the old bell called us there
E'en now I hear its tones repeat
Themselves upon the perfumed air.

Ah, well! those days have long gone by,
But mem'ry sweet remains, my queen;
We'll live them over, thou and I,
In her bright hals some day again.
But many lands divide us now.
Would I could see thy loving face,
The calm that rests upon thy brow,
Thy tender eyes and witching grace.

Oh, wilt thou think sometimes of me
In memory of the dear dead past,
Of that bright summer, glad and free,
When we were faithful friends and fast?
Perhaps we'll meet again, some day,
My fair queen Maille, thou and I,
Along some fairer, brighter way;
Until that happy time, good-bye.

Taking Notes.

Capt. Hoffman—Well, I'm surprised to see you here; I had no idea you were interested in this wedding.
Miss Flirtiby—Neither am I; but you see I'm going to get married myself next week. I'm up in the lines, but rather rusty in the business you know.

Compulsory Education.

Mrs. Crinkley—Wha's dat squealin' I hearn jes' now?
Julius—Spec 'twas dad a-tawkin' in he's sleeps. I done bruk de slate, an' de teacher don 'low no 'xcuses in rethmytics.

Love, Romantic and Conjugal.

Emerson has somewhere said that "All the world loves a lover." To the same effect, also, unless memory plays us false, has an early English poet sung. Nor is our own derided Canadian literature silent on the subject. "Garth Grafton," in one of the finest of subjective poems in the Canadian anthology, very joyously expresses the idea in this stanza:

"And one by one the bright-winged hours dally and fly over,
And not a cloud in all the golden day can we espy,
For all the world's in love with us, *the world that loves a lover*,
And we're in love with all the world, my happy heart and I."

Too often, unhappily however, the lover is oblivious to the fact that all mankind—and let us be specific on the point—all womankind, too, are interested in those who are in the thrall of the tender passion. But when the delirium of love is upon the lover, he is conscious only of his own joys or his own woes. If the not impossible *she* has accepted him, then is he not of this world; if she has said him nay, then the more does he want, and that tragically, to be out of it. There are few of the race who have not at some time or other paid tribute to the God of Love. It may be safely hazarded, that in no clime and among no nation, are there many to be found who are strangers to the passion, or who fail at some period in their lives to sacrifice to the exacting Deity. Even naturalists are wont to regale us with the enthralling story of the cooings and matings of bird and animal life, and grow tender as they record the results of their scientific observations and attest the universality of the spell of love. Among savage tribes, though the tender passion may not manifest itself as it is manifested among those who are higher in the scale of humanity, the intoxication of love is not wholly absent, nor do women by any means fail in the art of coquetry. This is shown by the effort to win a woman by capture or by stealth, or, as is the habit among some tribes of our North American Indians, by a signal exhibition of devotion in the service of some dusky Laban, and by success in wrestling with a rival for the coveted prize. It is true, that there is also another side to the picture. There are savages, for instance, who eat their wives, though not for love, when they have lost their beauty; and the conjugal caresses and endearments of such, civilized society would hardly like to witness. But this is an exceptional state of things, and the prevalence now of monogamic marriages among the untutored races is a sign that the marital relations are improving, and that even a savage is capable of cultivating an exclusive attachment, as well as an amorous passion, for one woman.

But whatever the practice among savages, and however much love, as we now understand the term, may be said to be an artificial rather than a natural passion, it is not altogether an exotic; still less is it a wholly modern device to pay court to women. In earlier times, as well as now, men have adored the other sex, played the suitor's part, and languished for a smile. In the age of chivalry each knight, we know, had a Dulcinea for whom he did battle in the lists, and whose favor spurred him to acts of gallantry and deeds of renown. Even knight-errantry, however, had a low estimate of woman, and not every knight was a Sir Galahad. Among neither the Greeks nor the Romans, though there were Leanders who swam Hellesponts to meet their divinities, love had not the witchery it has to-day; nor was wooing known as we now know it. More esteemed and honored, however, was the Roman matron, and much as they were trusted, rare were the instances of infidelity. With the Greeks, though they were highly enamored of woman's beauty, and though their literature is full of touching passages of conjugal tenderness and devotion, there was more of sensuality than of romantic love. Courtship, in the modern sense, they did not know; while the seclusion of the fair sex and their subordinate position in the State, gave little opportunity for inspiring passion. The Platonic love we read of was an attachment between man and man, or rather between a man and a youth, and its ardor was elicited by rare mental gifts or by some high qualities in tastes and dispositions. Even Sappho's love was an ecstatic friendship between women; though in the relations of the two sexes we read "that the Greeks were too intellectual and refined not to have at least a vague presentiment of the higher possibilities and charms of imaginative love." This absence of romantic love, particularly among the Athenians, may seem incredible to those who are familiar with the names at least of their Love deities, of Aphrodite and Eros, of Venus and Cupid. Yet must it be accepted as true, that while the Greeks wrote sublimely of love, it was an imaginative love they wrote of and idealized. Even the god Cupid, with his heart-piercing arrows, swooning love-potions, and other enthralling attributes, is in the main a creation of a modern age.

We have to go far on in the Middle Ages, when what was fantastic in chivalry had given place to achievements more worthy of knighthood, ere we see women emerge from their low estate, and, taking rank with men, become the objects of their esteem and regard. With the spread of the New Learning, they speedily rose in intellectual favor; and in such writers as Dante, Spenser and Shakespeare, they are first introduced to us as models of gracious womanhood, and become the objects of a rational æsthetic worship. Modern love now enters upon its glorious domain, and poetry and romance tap the sources of their inspiration, and deal out to souls athirst copious draughts from their inexhaustible treasure. Now, and to the full, do we learn that—

"The sweetest joy, the wildest woe, is Love."

It would be a curious, though, perhaps, an unpalant speculation, to consider how much women owe to literature, in portraying their charms of mind and manner, and how much to the possession of those gifts with which Heaven has lavishly endowed them, and which has won for them their exalted place in letters. Who would dare to say, for instance, that Petrarch's Laura or Dante's Beatrice was in real life unworthy to take that place on the pedestal of posthumous fame to which her poet-creator and the thousands of worshippers since have elevated her? Or shall it be said that, whatever we may know of Anne Hathaway, earth held no such woman as are the creations of Shakespeare's genius and the themes of his impassioned love-drama? Was the fair Rosalind, we might ask, unworthy of Orlando's ardent sonnets, and had she not the heart which Celia tells us was tripped up with the wrestler's heels by young Orlando? But we cannot pursue this subject, nor need we, for are we not told that "the sons of God" were wont to "come down to woo the daughters of men," and among the modern sisterhood does not each male heart for itself confess that there is one who, were it in his power, he would forever "feed upon the roses and lilies among the lilies of life?"

But we hear some cynic or misogynist say, that a woman has two natures, one to lure her prey, another to make it wretched when captured. He scoffingly tells you he is not to be caught in such a trap as marriage, and with ready tongue quotes that bit of mediæval cynicism: "If you are too happy, take a wife!" Not with such churlishness, perhaps, but with the rancour of unrequited love, another will fling at you Tom Moore's hasty gibe:

"More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid concombs vain
Than one true manly lover blest."

Ah! poor wounded heart, would you have me tell you what you have evidently forgotten, that there are women and women, and strive to solace your grief by imparting a secret: that "round some corner your destiny may be hiding!" Should I not rather rally you on your own defects, and whisper in your ear that when women are coy or hard to please, men should not be impatient or peevish?

Yet are there not women who use their beauty, "not for blessing, but for bane," who dwarf their own nature by leading a blank, aimless, butterfly life, with the habit of home unformed, with no high sense of life's responsibilities and duties, and undergoing no preparation for being the help-meet, intellectually and socially, for the men they are some day to marry? For such, marriage cannot be the portal through which a woman may enter on power and influence; nor will there be prospect of her developing those potent and subtle charms of sympathy and interest in a husband's career, which hold even when beauty fades, and which, to an intellectual man, become more alluring than the remembrance of her early married glory. On the other hand, how many wives are there whose gracious ways and capacity for sharing their husband's cares, aims, and aspirations make life a long honeymoon, and enable the home's fair mistress to keep as domestic courtiers the men they have made, and continue to make, happy. Can the heart of man sine a happier song, when such a woman, through life's storm and stress, fills the chair by his side, and, with the soul of love and devotion in her eyes, holds with real human hands the cup of bliss to his lips? And how deserving such a woman the man, whose life, by its unfailing tenderness and consideration, is a constant tribute to her worth!

Dean Swift wittily tells us of the ladies of his day who "spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." This is the reason, he adds, why so few marriages are happy. And here, it may be, the bride of a day's space will be heard poutingly to ask, "What! after all the bother I have had in winning a husband, have I to pass a life in making sure that I shall retain him as my possession." "Yes, dear lady," we answer, "you had better at once face the fact, and realize that this shall be part of your life's work." But we hasten to add, that the duty need not be burdensome, nor will it be yours alone to perform. On *both* parties to the contract, if the happiness of married life is not to be limited to the short moon of enchantment which follows the marriage, the duty is incumbent of making one's likings, if not one's will, subordinate to the likings and will of the other, and so by mutual concession not only keep discord afar off, but voluntarily hold each in the loving network of the other. Both, for love's sake, acting on this principle, the sacrifice need not be looked upon as a duty, but rather as a pleasure and delight, and the more so if there is a common pride in the exquisite sense of possession and the manifestation of those qualities in husband and wife which make possession priceless. At first, in the case of the woman, the thought "of giving up the homage and admiration of *all* men," as some one has phrased it, "for the possible neglect of *one*," may be an abhorrent idea, but not so if the ideal married state is to be entered upon and love and happiness is to wait upon both. Nor should the entail of sacrifice weigh more heavily upon the wife than upon the husband, for upon him, too, should rest the silken chains of wedlock, and his, chiefly, should be the task of appreciating, by a life-long devotion, the surrender to his arms alone of Heaven's most precious gift, a good wife, and his also the care of making her eternally the tenant of his heart. In this appreciation, in common, of the duties and obligations of married life, with the loyal determination of aiding each other in their honest and loving fulfilment, happiness cannot be a stranger in the household, nor will marriage fail of its highest and truest mission, to contribute to the growth of character, and to make each meet for a higher and better inheritance. Where these principles are recognized and lovingly acted upon the atmosphere of home will keep the fragrance of the romantic days of courtship, and love shall be "its own exceeding great reward."

CERMER MADA.

Personal.

Charles W. Lennox, son of C. P. Lennox, of the Yonge street Arcade, has just graduated from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia. He will, for the present, assist in his father's office.

Mrs. F. B. Bowes of Chicago, formerly one of Toronto's society belles, accompanied by her little daughter, is making a short visit to her uncle, Mr. C. P. Archbold.

Mrs. Jno. Strachan of Hazelton avenue, left on Monday for Hamilton on a visit to her sister, Mrs. S. G. Williams.

The Bayside Rowing club held the annual election for officers on Monday, March 5, when the following were elected for the current year: President, Mr. Wm. Reddin; vice-president, Mr. T. Fitzhenry; treasurer, Mr. L. Sievert; secretary, Jas. Roach; steward, Jno. Duggan.

Toronto Lacrosse Club.

A large and fashionable audience gathered at the Pavilion, on Tuesday evening last, at the grand assault-at-arms by the Toronto Lacrosse club. The entertainment was under the distinguished patronage of his Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Otter, and was a complete success in every particular.

The Week at Ottawa.

The gaiety which characterized the first few days of the session came to a dead stop after the drawing-room, which I faintly described in my last letter, and the only social events of any consequence have been mild skating parties at the rinks and a few Saturday night ministerial dinners. One feels that the opening, the toboggan party and the drawing-room should have been spread out a little so that all the revelry should not have been disposed of in one week and nothing left for the weeks that follow. However, we live in hope.

The debates in Parliament have so far been scarcely worthy of that name. They have been chiefly conversational interchanges of thought, pleasant compliments, innocuous questions, and dignified and statesmanlike replies. There has not been one cross word said unless Sir Richard's slightly vitriolic speech on the address is reckoned as such. Sir Charles Tupper has had quite a number of questions to answer and he has set a new fashion in that regard. His experience as High Commissioner in London, and as Canada's plenipotentiary at Washington, has apparently taught him that repose that stamps the blood of *Vere de Vere*. He is simple and gracious in his manner toward his opponents even when they have been inclined to heckle him. He has shown a spirit of conciliation which is quite as exotic in Canadian public life, an attitude all the more strange when the crushing strength of his followers in the House is remembered. This and the moderated tone and manner of discussing political affairs in the independent press throughout the country are signs of the times. But the wisdom of the words of holy writ has been exemplified even in this, for it is seen that a soft answer turneth away wrath. The premier himself under the mellowing influences of age, a large majority and the revivalists has been exceedingly urbane.

One of the pleasantest kinds of excursion indulged in by the jolly young people of *haut ton* of Ottawa is a sleigh ride to Aylmer, the unprogressive county town of the county of Ottawa, in the unprogressive province of Quebec. At one of these at which I assisted, Lord Frederick Hamilton, Lady Lansdowne's brother, was the lion of the party. He bears a decided resemblance in feature to his sister, possesses many accomplishments, is fond of enjoyment, and is altogether very popular here. He has a decided turn for amateur dramatics, can sing a girl song, with a preference for the topical sort, and is not stingy in letting other people have the benefit of his talents. He is an officer in a kilted Highland regiment, and on state occasions he appears in tartan and phillibeg with a richly bejewelled skean dhu at his side. At the recent drawing-room he was the observed of all observers in this striking costume. It would be somewhat difficult to guess Lord Frederick's age, but that evening he was skipping about like a boy just from school.

While I am discoursing on the young men connected with Government House, I must not fail to mention the regret that is being universally expressed in Ottawa society at one of the consequences of the departure of the Governor-General. There was a secret hope entertained that perhaps the new Governor-General might prevail on one or more of Lord Lansdowne's aides to remain in Canada in the same capacity to himself. A telegraphic dispatch the other day giving the names of Lord Stanley's aides has, however, dissipated this fond hope. The departure of Capt. Streatfeild and his charming wife will be much regretted. There can be no doubt that Government House owes a great deal to his affability, good common sense and careful discrimination. All we Ottawaites can do now is to hope that Lord Stanley will make a similar wise selection.

WATCHMAN.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

Miss Scott of Carlton street, Toronto, is spending a few weeks with Miss Lillie Cockshutt, at The Cedars.

Miss Milloy of Niagara is the guest of Miss Cameron.

Mrs. Chas. H. Waterous, who for some weeks has been suffering from an acute attack of inflammation of the lungs, is, we are glad to hear, convalescent.

Mrs. J. C. Mackenzie was called to London on Saturday by the serious illness of her father, Dean Boomer. News of his death reached us on Sunday evening.

AUDRAY.

CHATHAM.

The Bank of Montreal have had an addition to their staff in the name of Mr. G. C. Bailen, formerly of the Federal here.

The Federal staff is gradually getting smaller, and many regrets will be expressed when the time comes for that bank to close its doors in our town.

We turn the annual Home for the Friendless concert takes place next week, and a ball after Easter is exciting the lovers of dancing.

NEMO.

A Turned Worm.

He was a great, beefy, vicious-looking man, and she a pale, thin little woman with a dejected, brow-beaten look. She walked timidly, drearily and obediently behind him as they entered the office of a lawyer in company with a real estate buyer.

The beefy despot was about to sell ten acres of land, the proceeds of which he would put so far down into his own pocket that the meek little woman would never see a dollar of it. She had come along for the privilege of signing the deed.

"Here, Sary Jane," said her lord, "you sign your name right there on that line."

"Bill," she said, slowly but firmly, "I ain't goin' to."

"What!" roared Bill.

"I ain't goin' to, Bill—at least, not jest yit."

"You put your name down thar now, quicker nor wink."

"Shan't do it, Bill."

"Lookee here, Sary Jane, you know me!"

"An' I'll make ye acquainted with me, Bill Jasper," she said, sweetly. "Lookee here, Bill; you hev heerd of wo'ms that turn, ain't ye?"

"Lookee here, Sary Jane, if you don't—"

"Well, Bill, I'm one o' them wo'ms. Bill, you're goin' ter git fifteen hundred dollars fer that land, ain't ye?"

"That's nothin' to you."

"Hain't? Now, lookee here, Bill Jasper, not—one—single—little scratch of the pen will I make until I've had my third o' that money counted out to me."

"Sary Jane, what do you take me fer?"

"Count 'em out, Bill—five hundred dollars 'll git the name o' Sary Jane Jasper to that dockymint."

He raged, he roared, he swore, he shook his clenched fist, but the turned wo'm never even flinched nor spoke, excepting to say:

"Count 'em out, Bill."

And when they were counted out, and he had boasted of the surety of having them all back again before night, Sary Jane walked out, saying, as she did so:

"Ta, ta, Bill. When you git home you'll find my duds an' most of the other things, an' my two cows gone over to my paw's, an' I'm goin' there, too; an' lookee here, Bill, don't you ever dast show your face there—don't you do it, Bill. Let me git holt of you once, with paw an' maw an' my brother Buck to back me, an' I won't leave enough of you to scrape up on a shingle. That's the kind of a turned wo'm your Sary Jane is. Ta, ta, Billy."

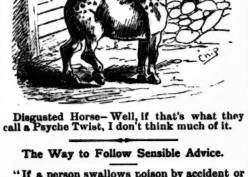
Too Realistic for Her.

Nellie (who had been to an Uncle Tom's Cabin matinee)—Mamma, does little Eva play again to-night?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Nellie (after some thought)—Well, I don't see how she can die and go to heaven at four o'clock and get back in time for the show at eight.

The Latest Fashion.



Disgusted Horse—Well, if that's what they call a Psyche Twist, I don't think much of it.

The Way to Follow Sensible Advice.

"If a person swallows poison by accident or purposely, instead of breaking out into incoherent and multitudinous exclamations, despatch someone for the doctor."

"That sounds sensible," said Bixby, as he read the above advice aloud to his wife one evening. Then he read:

"Meanwhile run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water, put into it a teaspoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, then down with the mixture and up will come the poison."

"There, my dear," said Bixby to his wife, "You'd better keep that in mind in case one of the children should accidentally get hold of poison and I shouldn't be at home. But you women fly right off the handle at the very time you ought to be self-possessed and have all your wits about you."

The very next day the servant came rushing up stairs and gasped out:

"Oh, ma'am! Oh, Mr. Bixby! The baby! He's swallowed half a bottle of loddynum, and—"

"Great Scott!" shouted Bixby, jumping six feet straight into the air and yelling like a Comanche. "The child'll be dead in ten minutes. What are we going to do? Run for the doctor! Get some of the neighbors in! Call somebody in from the street! My good Lord! Are we all going to sit here and see the child die! We must have help! Can't you think of something to do? What was it I read the other day? I told you to remember. It said half a glass of salt to a teaspoon of water and a cup of mustard, didn't it? My soul! has the child got to die while we all sit here doing nothing? Give him warm water and soda! Run your finger down his throat! Do something! Put your head out of the window and yell for help!"

And while he was doing so himself and a crowd was collecting in front of the house, Mrs. Bixby, who had not said a word, discovered that the child had swallowed nothing but a teaspoon of vanilla extract.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Dressed-Meat Traffic.

Passenger—I thought you carried all your dressed hogs on freight trains?

Conductor—So we do.

Passenger—Then how do you account for that fellow ahead lunching on limburger cheese?

DINEEN'S FUR SALE

STILL CONTINUES

The late fine winter weather encouraged us to keep the factory going. The result is a new supply of elegant goods with prices down from one-third to one-half.

MEN'S FUR COATS—Now $20, $25 and $30.

LADIES' FUR JACKETS—Now $15, $20 and $25.

LONG BEARSKIN, ALASKA SABLE and LYNX BOAS—Just Finished, Superior Quality, Lowest Prices.

BEAVER AND ALASKA SABLE CAPES—A few very fine ones with large driving collars attached, also very low.

SEALSKIN CAPES—A small lot of the finest quality.

SEAL MANTLES—Superior quality, must be closed out.

BEAVER MUFFS—Down to $6 from $10.

As soon as weather permits

OUR BIG HAT OPENING

Will be advertised.

W. & D. DINEEN, cor. King and Yonge Sts.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

Without Doubt

Who makes a wave without compare
Of natural curling, lovely hair?
That makes the fairest more than fair?
Why Dorenwend.

Who makes a wig that none discern
Its being false, nor must return
Because it fits not? Why learn
'Tis Dorenwend.

Whose fronts and bangs do ladies try?
Where do the best their toupees buy?
And where in fact do all apply?
At Dorenwend's.

Without doubt Dorenwend's is the place for every lady and gentleman to apply when in need of Hair Goods. As is well known the Paris Hair Works carries the largest stock of Waves, Bangs, Head Pieces, Wigs, Toupees, etc., in the Dominion. A splendid assortment of innumerable lines of fancy goods is always on display and should be examined. Special attention is directed to our pure amber goods, but few of these are now remaining, and as they cannot be secured elsewhere the opportunity afforded you should not be missed.

A. DORENWEND

Paris Hair Works

103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

TORONTO.

Dary, Mrs. Wm., on 28th ult.—a daughter
Donaldson, Mrs. J., on 27th ult.—a daughter
Halliday, Mrs. David, on 4th inst.—a son
Hemming, Mrs. Walter G. A., on 6th inst.—a daughter
Simpson, Mrs. Carr, on 27th ult.—a son

Balmer, Mrs. R. G., on 26th ult., at London South—a son
Burrows, Mrs. Alvin R., on 28th ult., at Guelph—a daughter
Dewar, Mrs. Alex., on 28th ult., at London West—twins, a son and a daughter
Keachie, Mrs. Morton, on 25th ult., at Strathroy—a son
McMurrich, Mrs. J. R., on 2nd inst., at Oswego, N. Y.—a son
Mackenzie, Mrs. George A., on 1st. inst., at Deer Park—a son
Moore, Mrs. W. A., on 4th inst., at Stratford—a son
Meule, Mrs. John, on 24th ult., at London—a daughter
Odell, Mrs. W. R., on 28th ult., at Ottawa—a son
Richardson, Mrs. Oliver, on 25th ult., at London—a son
Rogers, Mrs. George H., on 29th ult., at Ottawa—a son
Smith, Mrs. F. M., on 27th ult., at Barrie, a son

Marriages.

TORONTO.

Mingeaud, Arthur J., to Christina McGaw, of Bowmanville, on 25th ult., by Rev. Dr. Wild
Hatch, Arthur F., to Lizzie Berry, on 28th ult., by Rev. Dr. Kellogg
Jones, John C., of Grand Pre, N.S., to Marianne Denovan, on 1st inst., by Rev. Joshua Denovan

Fitzgerald, J. L., to Daisy Ella Shaffer, on 6th inst., at London, by Rev. J. G. Scott
Graham, Robert N., to Anna Maria, widow of the late Gordon G. Mackenzie, on 21st ult., at London, England
Shearer, Amos F., of Cobourg, to Helena Bertha Clarkson, on 6th inst., at Clarkson, by Rev. W. T. Hicks
Waldon, Chas. N., of Berlin, to May Cunningham, on 23rd ult., at Antigonish, N. S., by Rev. J. R. Munro
Bayles, Wm., to Florence Lowry, on 28th ult., at Guelph, by Rev. Dr. Griffin
Heath, Fred H., of London, to Gussie Duffield, on 22nd ult., at Wingham, by Rev. J. H. Moorehouse
Agar, Stephen, of Toronto, to Marguerite L. Walkinshaw, on 15th ult., at Thornbury, by Rev. Geo. Washington
Stirling, Dr. James A., of Picton, to Jessie Bertram, on 1st inst., at Dunnias, by Rev. John Laing
Pirrie, Thos. A., to Lillian F. H. Brown, at Ottawa, by Rev. W. J. Crothers
Cook, Edwin T., to Jessie A. C. King, on 28th ult., at Montreal, by Ven. Archdeacon Evans

Deaths.

TORONTO.

Jewell, Mary Ann, wife of Frederick, on 5th inst
Lee, Fanny, wife of Fred A. A., on 5th inst
Costello, Mary Downey, wife of Michael, on 6th inst
Watkin, John Lloyd, jr., on 4th inst., aged 22
Patterson, James Gordon, son of R. L. Patterson, on 1st inst., aged 5 weeks and three days
Flaville, John, on 28th ult., aged 52
Robinson, Thos. W., on 29th ult., aged 68
Heward, Mary Margaret, wife of William R., on 29th ult., aged 69

Boomer, Very Rev. Michael, Dean of Huron, at London, on 4th inst., aged 78
McGregor, Mary A., wife of Alex., at Montreal, on 5th inst
Tilgmann, Doutte Leonardi, relict of late Dr. F., at Kingston, on 3rd inst
Andrews, Dr. Alfred A., at Montreal, on 28th ult., aged 83
Curran, Mrs. Charles, at Ottawa, on 28th ult., aged 75
Voligny, Mary Isadore Merron, wife of L. R., at Ottawa, on 27th ult., aged 39
Bacey, Helen P. Nelles, widow of Thos., at Milton West, on 28th ult., aged 84
Knapman, Agnes, relict of John, at Hamilton, on 2nd inst., aged 49
Elliott, Wm., ex-M. P., at Trafalgar, on 2nd inst., aged 51
King, John R., son of Rev. Principal King, at Winnipeg, on 25th ult, aged 9 years and 6 months
Robertson, Alex., M. P., at Belleville, on 29th ult., aged 49
Dyson, Jos., at Marquette, Lake Superior, Mich., on 22nd ult., aged 79
Clayes, George, M.P., at Ottawa, on 4th inst., aged 58
Jeffrey, Ann Hall, relict of the late Wm., at Whitby, on 27th ult., aged 89
McQueston, Isaac Baldwin, at Hamilton, on 7th inst., aged 40
Black, Alex., at London, on 24th ult., aged 65.

Quite Unnecessary.

An absent-minded fellow the other day called on Brown. He was out.

"Had you not better leave me your name?" suggested the servant.

"Oh, it isn't worth while; Brown knows who I am."

The Criterion.

This popular Toronto restaurant, known by the above title, has just undergone a transformation. Mr. H. E. Hughes, seeing his well-merited talent as a wide-awake caterer appreciated by a constantly increasing business, found it necessary to pull down, enlarge and improve, and at this moment the Criterion may be said to be one of the handsomest in the Dominion. Where the old dining-room used to be located, fronting King street, now the tastely fitted-up bar and private dining-apartments are situated, and the dining-room proper is in the rear where the old bar stood

The front portion facing on King street has been fitted up with the most costly fixings and furnishings by Millichamp & Son. At the back of the sample counter, nearly fifty feet long, is a very large, antique, dark sideboard, stretching the whole length, and in this are set three immense English plate-glass mirrors. Opposite, on the east side of the sample-room, are four private dining apartments, partitioned off in rich mahogany. Two of these apartments will seat eight persons at dinner, and tea, four persons. The walls and ceilings are decorated in the most costly manner with the richest and newest designed papers. To complete the whole, and to be prepared to cater to what the proprietors expect, viz., a very large increasing trade. Mr. Hughes has had to engage an extra staff of efficient help, and seems bound to follow up his enterprise.

The American Hotel, Toronto.

The remodelling of the well-known American Hotel of this city fills a gap for which there was plenty of room. Formerly the American was conducted purely on the American plan. Now, however, bed-rooms can be rented at a rate per day or week and meals taken in the restaurant as desired. Commercial travelers, too, resident in the city, can have well fitted up sample rooms without board or sleeping apartments. The hotel is supplied with a handsomely fitted-up bar with all the choicest of wines, liquors and cigars. A new feature of a European plan hotel in this city is the table d'hote, which will be set every day at a fixed hour for merchants and business men of the immediate neighborhood. Mr. H. E. Edsall, so long and favorably known in connection with this hotel, is still in the management.

ALLAN LINE

1883—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1883

LIVERPOOL AND QUEBEC SERVICE

FROM LIVERPOOL.		STEAMERS.	FROM QUEBEC.	
Friday,	April 20	*CIRCASSIAN	Friday,	May 11
Thursday,	" 26	SARMATIAN	Thursday,	" 17
"	May 3	PARISIAN	"	" 24
Friday,	" 11	*POLYNESIAN	Friday,	June 1
Thursday,	" 17	SARDINIAN	Thursday,	" 7
Friday,	" 25	*CIRCASSIAN	Friday,	" 15
Thursday,	" 31	SARMATIAN	Thursday,	" 21
"	June 7	PARISIAN	"	" 28
Friday,	" 15	*POLYNESIAN	Friday,	July 6
Thursday	" 21	SARDINIAN	Thursday,	" 12
Friday,	" 29	*CIRCASSIAN	Friday,	" 20
Thursday,	July 5	SARMATIAN	Thursday,	" 26
"	" 12	PARISIAN	"	Aug. 2

Rates of Passage by Mail Steamers, Quebec to Liverpool

Cabin, $60, $70, and $80 according to accommodation. Servants in Cabin, $50. Intermediate, $30. Steerage, $20. Return Tickets, Cabin, $110, $130, $150. Intermediate, $55. Steerage, $40.

* By Polynesian, Circassian or other extra steamers. Cabin, $65, $80 and $70, according to accommodation. Intermediate, $35. Steerage, $20. Return Tickets, $90, $110 and $130. Intermediate, $60. Steerage, $40.

Passengers will be allowed to go on board at Montreal.

For plans of steamers, tickets and every information apply to

H. BOURLIER, Gen. Western Passenger Agent,
Allan Line Office, corner King and Yonge street.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

With the Recent Change of Time, an Improved Train service was put on with

FAST TIME
FOR
ALL POINTS EAST and WEST

Two Through Trains a day for Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Boston and all New England and Intercolonial points.

THROUGH TRAINS DAILY

For Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, and all points west and southwest.

For rates, information, time cards, etc., apply to

TORONTO OFFICES:
110 King Street West, 24 York Street,
56 Yonge Street Union Depot (NORTH SIDE)

MISS HARRITA L. CHENEY

(Finish under Mrs. Long of Boston, and Soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's church, and late of New York.)

TEACHER OF VOICE CULTURE

will organize a class and take private pupils at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street, on

Monday, March 12

MISS CHENEY will accept concert engagements, or as soprano soloist.

THE CRITERION RESTAURANT

TORONTO

H. E. HUGHES, - - Proprietor

This well known and popular restaurant has recently undergone marvellous improvements and alterations. The Bar and Private dining apartments now front on King Street, corner Leader Lane, and the Public dining room entrance will in future be from Leader Lane.

Counter lunch from 12 o'clock till 3.

Prompt Attention and Moderate Charges

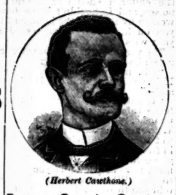
Criterion Restaurant, 63 King Street East

NEW SONGS NEW MUSIC NEW DANCES THE LATEST BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

JACOBS & SHAW'S
Toronto Opera House

WEEK COMMENCING
MARCH 12
MATINEES
Tuesday, Wednesday & Saturday

ENGAGEMENT OF
SISSONS & CAWTHONE'S



(Herbert Cawthone.)

Famous Comedy Company, presenting the Great Comedy Success

LITTLE NUGGET

Crusaders in the Land of Fun. A Grand Metropolitan Cast. The Famous Nugget Quartette

10, 20, 30 and 50 cts.

Box Office Open All Day.

Next Week—Edwin Arden in "Eagle Nest"

THE CHARLES ROGERS AND SONS CO.

(LATE OF R. HAY & CO.)

95 & 97 Yonge St., Toronto

New Styles for the Spring Trade

IN ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

TO FINE CABINET AND UPHOLSTERY WORK

Our new line of coverings now arriving will embrace all the latest styles and fashionable shades.

WE INVITE COMPARISON

95 & 97 Yonge Street, Toronto

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

THE BREAD MAKER'S 5c YEAST

BREADMAKER'S YEAST

BREAD made with this Yeast took 132 First Prizes at Ontario Fall Shows in 1882.

Over 10,000 ladies have written to say that it surpasses any yeast ever used by them. It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and buckwheat pancakes. PRICE 5 CENTS.

JOHN LABATT, LONDON, ONT.

JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents for Toronto.

Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877; and Paris, 1878.

Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says, "I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior malt liquor."

John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry, Montreal, says, "I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops." 15-66

GEORGE A. CASE
REAL ESTATE BROKER.

25 Adelaide street East - Toronto.

Money to Loan. 15-66

Men's Youths' & Boys'
LIGHT-WEIGHT
SPRING
OVERCOATS

In the above goods we excel this spring; we have had made up a tremendous stock, all sizes from 34 up to 48 inches, consequently we can fit the smallest boy or the largest man, and what is more we can produce

ANY SHADE OR ANY PRICE

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

CHERRY MANTELS,
MAHOGANY MANTELS,
WALNUT MANTELS,
OAK MANTELS.

The Best Houses in Toronto fitted up with

MILLICHAMP'S MANTELS

SHOWROOMS:
31 Adelaide Street East, City.

AMERICAN HOTEL
TORONTO.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THOS. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. E. M. EDSALL, MANAGER.

This well-known hotel has been remodelled entirely on the European plan. There is accommodation for over 60 boarders, a well-stocked bar, and the tables are supplied with the best and most seasonable luxuries the markets afford. Resident commercial travellers can have sample room accommodation without board, etc. A table d'hote for business men and merchants daily. Hotel the best situated in Toronto; adjacent to steamboats, railroads, etc.

CYCLORAMA
Front and York Streets, Toronto.

NOT A MOVING PANORAMA BUT AN ACTUAL

BATTLE FIELD

Open every work day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.

Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

BATTLE OF SEDAN ADMISSION 25c.

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Piano and Organ Warerooms

IN BRITISH AMERICA

The Dominion Company is celebrated for its Organs. No Piano has established its reputation as rapidly as the Dominion Piano. All Organs contain

Foley's Automatic Pedal Cover

J. S. POWLEY & CO., 68 King Street West, Toronto

The above illustration of the St. Charles Restaurant shows the Sample Rooms and Lunch Counter. Upstairs are the best furnished, most beautifully decorated and exclusive Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining Rooms in the city.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 12
FOR SIX NIGHTS

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES

THE SUCCESS OF

America, England, Australia

WILLIAM GILLETTE'S REMARKABLE AMERICAN PLAY

HELD BY THE ENEMY

The play the Prince of Wales said "Would cause a demand for American work in England."

Presented in the same manner as seen for over 400 nights in New York, 300 nights in London, 200 nights in Australia, 100 nights in Boston, 75 nights in Chicago, 50 nights in San Francisco

Played by the same CAST, SCENERY and APPOINTMENTS seen during its late run at the STAR THEATER, NEW YORK

AVOID THE COUNTERFEIT! PURSUE THE GENUINE!

If there was nothing genuine there would be nothing to counterfeit.

And if pure goods can be had anywhere, that's the place to go, but be sure the place has a good name before you enter it or you may be persuaded to invest, much to your own disadvantage.

If you intend entertaining your friends do it well or they will not consider your friendship worth anything. If you do not know what would be nice—or what would be the proper thing to do—you can get valuable aid by asking for information at Harry Webb's 447 Yonge street It will not cost you anything, or, if you prefer it, you can leave it all to him, and you will find it as safe in his hands as in your own. Send for estimates, or send your orders to

HARRY WEBB, 447 YONGE STREET